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Independent second reader ...

James Madison Watson

(Watson)

RNPF

INDEPENDENT

SECOND READER:

CONTAINING

CHOICE, ILLUSTRATED READINGS; EXERCISES IN SPELLING
AND PRONUNCIATION; AND A COMPLETE COURSE
IN ARTICULATION.

BY J. MADISON WATSON,

Author of the National Readers and Spellers; The Hand-Book of
Gymnastics; The Manual of Calisthenics; Phonetic Tablets, etc.

A. S. BARNES & COMPANY,
NEW YORK & CHICAGO.
1873

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I. 2 R.

PREFACE.

SPECIAL reference to *fitness*, in regard to the desireṡ and aċtual wants of the pupilṡ for whom this work iṡ designed, haṡ determined the ċharaċter and ċlassifiċation of its exerciṡeṡ and lessonṡ. Simple, direċt, and progressive, they are systematiċally arranġed for the attainment of specifiċ and obvious reṡults.

Part First ċontainṡ a ċomplete ċourse in artiċulation, in which a separate exerciṡe iṡ given for each elementary sound, in ċonneċtion with a regular reading lesson. The wordṡ of the exerciṡe which immediately precedeṡ a lesson are inċorporated therein, thus insuring a drill in the given sound.

Part Seċond ċontainṡ a great variety in style, and iṡ specially adapted to illustrate the important elements of expression. All new or diffiċult wordṡ are arranġed in lists, at the headṡ of the lessonṡ, for exerciṡeṡ in pronunciation and spelling.

With a marked type, aṡ eaṡily read aṡ though unmarked, which affordṡ nearly all the advantaġeṡ of pure phonetiċs, with lessonṡ not less remarkable for varied interest and valuable information than for their fitness aṡ reading exerciṡeṡ, and with wood-ċuts which faithfully illustrate the text, this little volume iṡ believed to offer facilitieṡ for teaching primary reading superior to thoṡe of ċorresponding works.

NEW YORK, *October*, 1870.

TO TEACHERS.

SINCE success in teaching is almost as much dependent upon the methods of imparting instruction as upon the character and classification of the material furnished by the text-book, we most earnestly ask your attention to the following suggestions:

1. Articulation, in Part First, should be taught very thoroughly, each drill being limited to the elementary sound of the exercise which immediately precedes the reading lesson. Let the pupils, bōth separately and in concert, read the list of words, and utter the sound after each word pronounced. The following [exercise on page 11] will serve as a formula: "The first sound of *a*—dāy, ā; sāy, ā; wāy, ā, etc." Review the exercises frequently, and teach the pupils to produce the sounds consecutively.

2. A ready and correct pronunciation may be secured by requiring the pupils to commence with the last word of each paragraph of a lesson, and pronounce back to the first. Also direct their attention to the accents and marked letters; as, "Our proud dog, though wounded, did not crouch before the slave." In this example, after observing the ou in our and proud, the class will readily pronounce crouch correctly, and not call wounded (woonded) wounded.

3. Never omit the preliminary exercises. Require the pupils to pronounce and spell the words in the list. Also hear them spell all the difficult words in the body of the lesson.

4. Before the final reading, be sure that the pupils *understand* the lesson. Adopt a simple order of examination, and let them give the leading thoughts in their own language, without formal questions: for example, *first,* the title of the piece; *secondly,* the objects mentioned, and the facts concerning these objects; *thirdly,* the narrative or connected thoughts, and the portion illustrated by the picture, if any; and *fourthly,* the moral, or what the lesson teaches.

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PART I.

GOOD ELOCUTION.

PART I.

ORAL ELEMENTS.

I. SOUNDS OF A.[1]

I.

1. THE NUT.

dāy wāy tāke ċāme Kāte
sāy plāy gāve māde̤ Jāmeṡ

ONE day, Jameṡ and Kate were at play near a big tree, when a larġe nut fell from it.

2. Kate picked it up. Jameṡ said, "It iṡ my nut, for I saw it fall."

3. "No, it iṡ mine," said Kate, "for I picked it up."

4. Just then a big boy ċame that way, and he said, "What made you fall out?"

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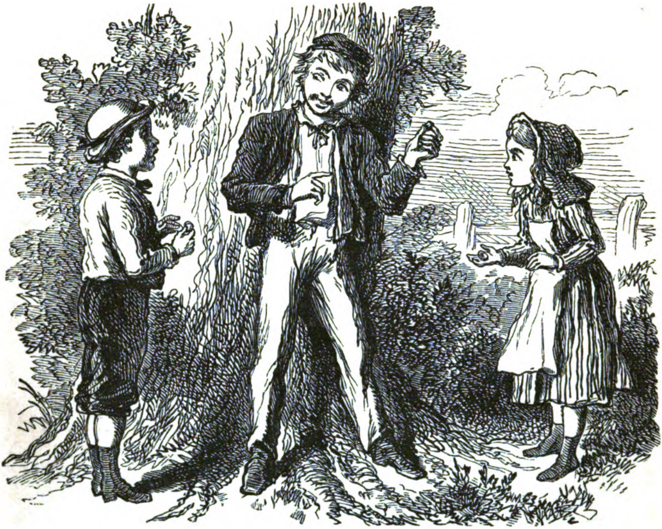
[1] **See Sugġestionṡ to Teacherṡ, page 6.**



5. They told him, and asked him to judġe for them.

6. "Well," said he to Kate, with a smile, "let me take the nut, and I will say how it shall be."

7. So he ċracked it, gave one half of the shell to Jameṡ, and said, in an odd way, "This iṡ yourṡ, for you saw the nut fall."

8. He then gave the rest of the

shell to Kate, and said, "This iṡ yourṡ, for you picked up the nut."

9. Then he held up the meat in hiṡ hand and said, "This iṡ mine, for I ċracked the nut." And then he ate it.

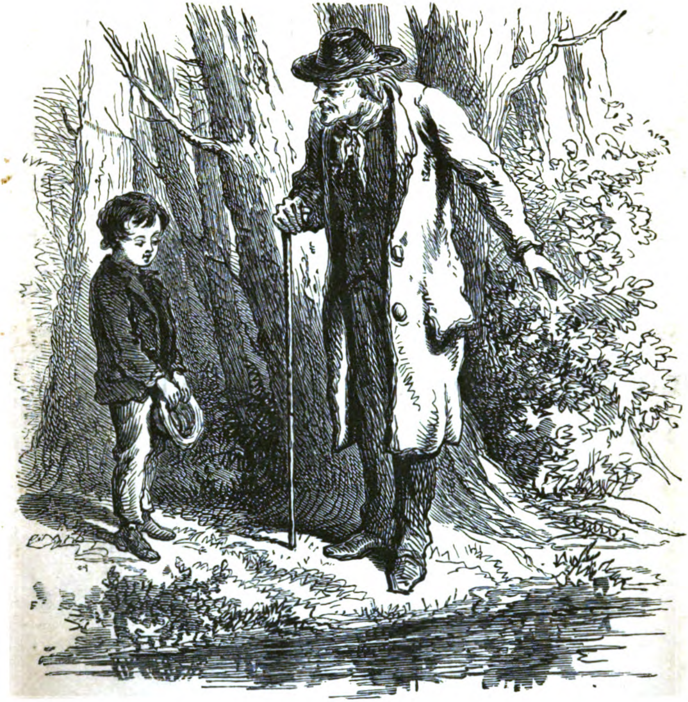
10. Men who go to law, like boyṡ and girlṡ who fall out, are too apt to fare in this way. The ċosts take all that iṡ of use, and leave but shellṡ for him who iṡ said to win.

II.

2. THE BOY AND THE BROOK.

ăt
ăṡ
ăn
ănd
ċăn
săd
hăt
lăd
hăṡ
măn
thăt
băṅk
hănd
shăll
stănd

AN old man saw a small boy stand, for a long time, with hiṡ hat in hiṡ hand, by the side of a swift brook.



2. "My good lad," said he, "what makes you sad? Why do you look so long at this stream?"

3. "Sir," said the boy, "I shall stand here till the brook has run off; for then I ċan pass on my wāy with dry feet."

4. "Not so," said the old man, "you might stand on this baṅk for life and yet not do that; for this brook may run on aṡ long aṡ time. If you would ċross, you must wade.

5. "And so, aṡ you make your way through life, you will need, at timeṡ, to press through thoṡe thingṡ which check your ċourse, and not wait for them to pass by."

III.

3. ROSE AND CHARLES.

får ċålf yård lårġe Chårleṡ
are hark harm Clark pa pa′
half barn starṡ charġe mam ma′

"HALF-PAST eight, Charleṡ," said Roṡe Clark, "and you not in bed yet!"

2. On the next leaf, you will see Roṡe and Charleṡ in hiṡ small room.

3. Their papa and mamma have gone to town. "Hark! Charleṡ, they will soon be home," sayṡ Roṡe; but they ċan not hear a sound.

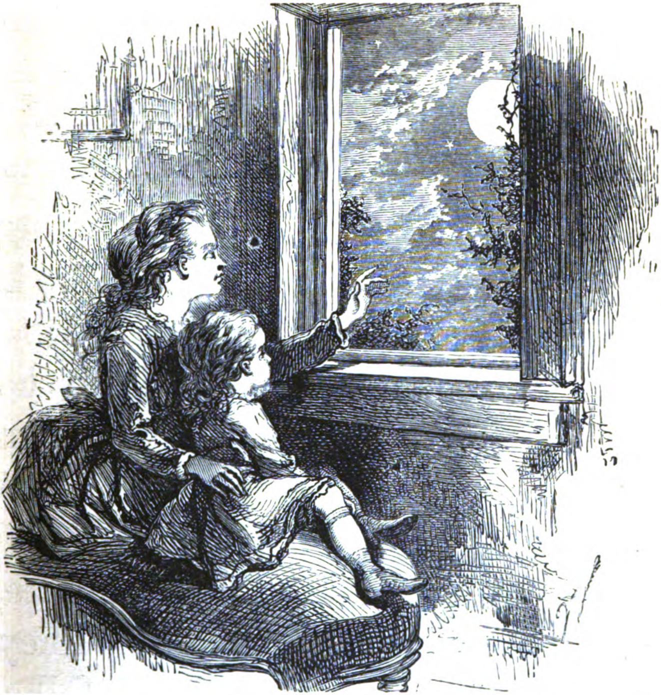
4. The ċow iṡ far off in the field. The young ċalf and the pigṡ are in a yard near the barn. The henṡ are at roost.

5. Though it iṡ night, Roṡe and Charleṡ need no lamp. The starṡ are bright. The full moon iṡ up.

6. Aṡ they look out, Roṡe talks to Charleṡ. She tellṡ him of the good God who made the larġe, round moon and the bright starṡ.

7. "All who love God," she sayṡ, "are safe; for they are in Hiṡ charġe. He will keep them from harm."

8. They hear a sound at the door, and run out. Papa and mamma are now at home. All iṡ joy.



9. Papa reads a few words from the Book of God. They all kneel down, and he prays.

10. Then they go to their beds, and rest in peace. They are free from care. Their sleep is sweet; for their trust is in the Lord.

IV.

4. THE SWARM OF BEES.

s$\overset{4}{\text{a}}$w	t$\overset{4}{\text{a}}$ll	f$\overset{4}{\text{a}}$ll	P$\overset{4}{\text{a}}$ul	sm$\overset{4}{\text{a}}$ll
talk	ċall	wall	warm	swarm

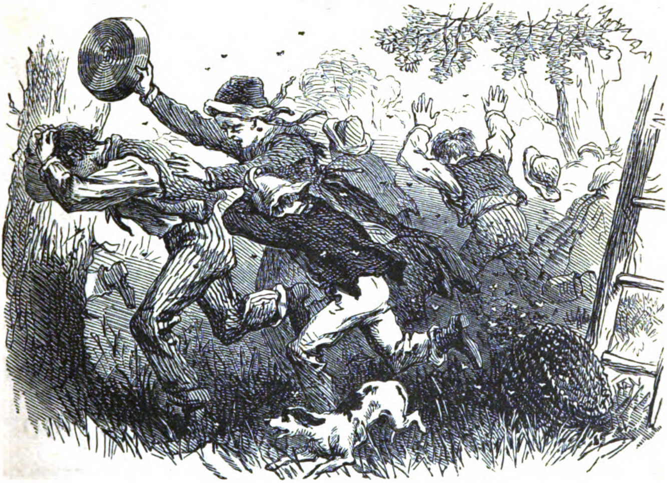
PAUL BROWN iṡ a young friend of mine. Though he iṡ a small boy, he ċan talk well.

2. One warm dāy last June, he made ạ ċall at a farm, not far from hiṡ home. Let me tell you what he saw, aṡ he told it to me.

3. "In a short time," said he, "we heard strānġe soundṡ. They were made by a ċrowd of folks, with a bell, a horn, and some old milk panṡ.

4. "They beat the panṡ, and blew the horn, and rung the bell, to make aṡ much noiṡe aṡ they ċould.

5. "I soon saw that they were from the next farm. They were



in full chase of a large swarm of bees, which flew in the air just in front of them.

6. "The bees at length lit on a tall pear tree, near a wall, and hung in a bunch from one of the limbs.

7. "Then a ladder was brought, and a man with gloves on his hands, and a cloth on his head, went up and swept the bees into a hive.

8. "But, as the man came down,

some bees, which had got in his gloves, stung him, and he let the hive fall.

9. "Part of the bees fell out, and flew at the crowd in great rage. They stung all whom they came near.

10. "The folks ran, and some were heard to scream; but the poor man, who let the hive fall, was stung so much that he was glad to get down on the ground, and creep through the tall, thick grass.

11. "At length the bees came back to the hive, which the queen bee had not left; and soon, when all was still, a cloth was put on it, and one of the men took the swarm home."

V.

5. THE PET HARES.

bare rare share air chair
ċare hareṡ sċare fair their
Dare snare sċarce pair where

RALPH DARE iṡ eight yearṡ old. He liveṡ with hiṡ papa and mamma on a larġe farm.

2. Aṡ their house iṡ far from the roạd, he haṡ few playmates. But Ralph iṡ not lonely, though he haṡ but few to share in hiṡ sports.

3. He driveṡ the ċowṡ to the field, and feedṡ the fowlṡ. He takẹs ċare of the ċalveṡ and the lambṡ.

4. He haṡ a hoop to roll, a bat and ball, a small ċart, a pair of stilts, and a larġe kite with red wingṡ.

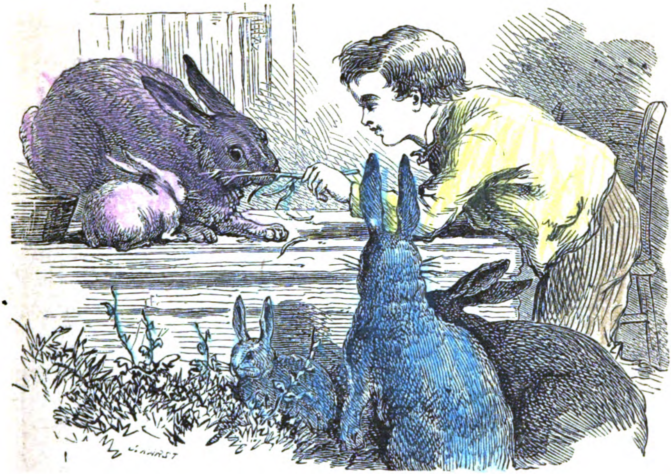
5. But Ralph thinks most of hiṡ pet hareṡ. He haṡ four old hareṡ, and nine young oneṡ.

6. His papa caught two of the old hares in a snare. These hares are found in the cold parts of our land. In winter they are whitish, but most of the year they are brown.

7. A pair of Ralph's hares came from the far North. They were sent to him by one of his papa's friends. This kind of hare is larger than a big cat. Its weight is from ten to twelve pounds.

8. Its fur is finer and softer than wool. In the cold months, it is pure white; but when the ground is bare of snow, and the air is mild, its fur is gray, and its big broad ears are black.

9. On fair days, Ralph lets his hares out of their pen. He takes a chair, and sits near them, while they eat the grass in the front yard.

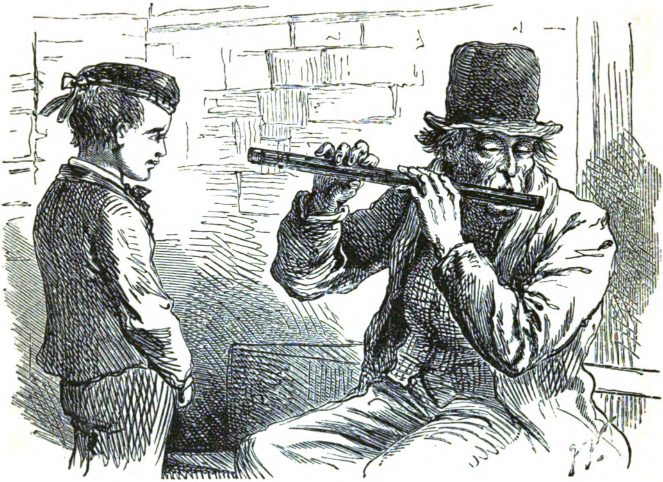


10. He doeṡ not let a dog, nor a ċat, ċome near to sċare them. They ċome to the place where he sits, and eat twigṡ and young leaveṡ from hiṡ hand. They do not fear Ralph, for he iṡ kind to them.

VI.

6. THE ANT AND THE DOVE.

$\overset{6}{\text{a}}$nt
ask
last
f$\overset{6}{\text{a}}$st
past
gasp
ċl$\overset{6}{\text{a}}$ss
tasks
dance
gr$\overset{6}{\text{a}}$ss
Grant
branch
ch$\overset{6}{\text{a}}$nce
glanced
grasped



SETH GRANT is six years old. He is not a bad child; though, like most small boys, he is quick to ask for things which he wants, but not so quick to give.

2. Seth goes to school. He likes to learn his tasks. He is first in his class.

3. But he is too fond of nuts, cake, and nice fruit. When he can get a few cents, he will dance, and clap his hands for joy. Then he will spend them all for sweets.

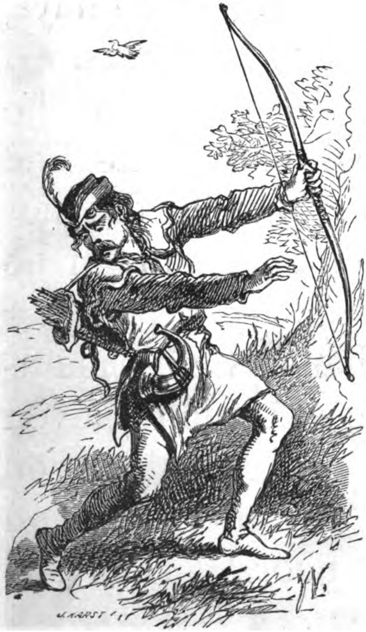
4. Once, when he had been at the head of his class for three days, his mamma gave him ten cents.

5. On his way to the store, he heard an old man play some fine tunes on a flute. But he did not give the old man a cent, though he was poor and blind.

6. When, by chance, Seth's mamma learnt this, she was much grieved at it. "My dear son," said she, "you must try to think less of self, and learn to aid the poor." Then she told him this tale:

7. A hot day in June, in times long past, drove a poor ant to take a sip from a clear brook. She fell in, and went down fast with the stream.

8. A dove, which sat on a branch of a tree close by, saw the ant fall, and threw a leaf down to her in the brook.



9. At the last gasp, the poor ant grasped the leaf, and so was brought safe to land.

10. In a few days from this time, the ant, by chance, glanced up from the short grass, and saw a man take aim with his bow to shoot the dove.

11. But just at the right time, the ant bit him on the heel. This made him give a start, and spoilt hiṡ aim. Then the dove flew off safe and sound.

12. You may learn from this tale, my dear child, that a friend in need iṡ the best of friendṡ. Learn, too, that it iṡ best to live, and let live. Let me hear it once more: **LIVE, AND LET LIVE.**

II. SOUNDS OF E.

I.

7. KATE MEAD AND HER DEER.

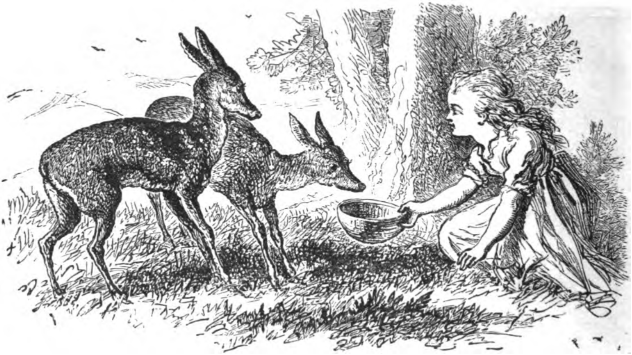
shē
sēe
ēar
ēat
nēat

lēap
fēar
mēal
mēat
Mēad

ēaṡe
hēre
fēed
dēer
dēep

thrēe
grēen
ċlēan
whēat
yēarṡ

fiēld
thēṡe
lēaveṡ
knēelṡ
strēam



HERE you see Kate Mead. Her dress is neat and clean. She has three pet deer which she loves. They do not fear her.

2. The old one lies on the green grass, while Kate feeds the two young ones.

3. She kneels down, and they come to her, and eat meal and salt from her hand.

4. These deer have long heads and ears. Their tails are short. Their legs are long and slim.

5. Kate's big deer iṡ three yearṡ old. In the warm months, her ċoat iṡ light red, mixed with gray and brown; but when winter ċomeṡ, it turnṡ to a dark brown, and some of her long hair iṡ white.

6. The young deer are two months old. They are now a bright red brown, and they have white marks or spots. In two or three months, they will loṡe the white spots, and then they will look more like the old one.

7. In their wild state, deer live in the deep woodṡ by dāy, and ċome out to feed and driṅk by night. They eat the budṡ and young leaveṡ of plants, and fruit and nuts.

8. They will leap a high fence, to get in a field where they ċan eat young grass, wheat, oats, or ċorn.

9. When the dayṡ are hot, they like to bathe in a lake, a pond, or a deep stream. They swim fast and with great eaṡe.

10. The meạt of deer iṡ nice food for man. Can you tell what thingṡ are made from the skin?

II.

8. THE SPRING WALK.

tĕn
pĕt
gĕt
rĕd
mĕn

ĕlm
lĕft
rĕst
nĕst
sĕnt

Bĕll
ĕdġe
ĕggṡ
wĕnt
lĕdġe

tĕllṡ
spĕnt
fĕnce
ċrĕss
sĕndṡ

frĕsh
smĕll
hĕdġe
twĕlve
friĕnd

ANN BELL iṡ twelve yearṡ old. She once went to our sċhool. She iṡ now at the house of a dear friend, who liveṡ ten mileṡ from her own home.

2. Ann sendṡ notes to her aunt,

in which she tellṡ her how a part of her time iṡ spent.

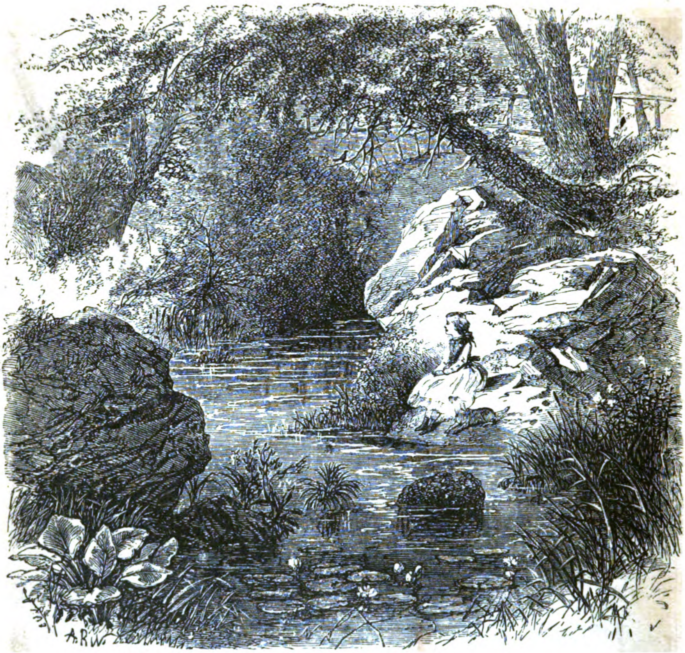
3. "One bright dāy last week," she writes, "I left the house, at ten o'ċlock, to take a walk. A small pet dog went with me.

4. "I first passed down a long lane. The fence on one side iṡ an old hedġe. It iṡ now in leaf. I saw some birdṡ, and a nest with four blue eggṡ in it.

5. "Men were at work, with plowṡ and hoeṡ, in a big field of ċorn. The fresh earth sent up a sweet smell.

6. "Plants and fruit-treeṡ were in full bloom. They were bright with green, white, red, and gold.

7. "I went through a small wood, in which most of the treeṡ were larġe. They were beech, birch, elm, oak, and ash.



8. "There iṡ a ċlear, ċold ċreek, in a deep gulf, in this wood. A ledġe of rocks made it hard work for me to get down to it.

9. "I sat on a big stone to rest, and saw the fish plāy in the stream. The dog waṡ near my feet. A thrush sang a sweet song in an old elm.

10. "I found young mint on the baṅk, and ċool ċress in the edġe of the brook. I ċrossed a stone bridġe on my wāy home, and ċame back by the road."

III.

9. THE TWO MICE.

PART FIRST.

e̊rr fe̊rn e̊arn e̊arth he̊ard
her Pert herbṡ search served

PEEP waṡ the name of a young field mouse. She knew what it waṡ to dig in the earth, and to search far and near for her food; but still she waṡ gay, and free from all ċare.

2. One bright dāy, when the sky waṡ blue, and the air waṡ mild, and the young herbṡ were sweet and green, Peep took a long walk.

3. Just aṡ she ċame near a ċlump of fern, she heard a sweet voice sāy, "Peep, Peep!"

4. She first gave a start, and then stood still. She waṡ so glad that she did not know what to do.

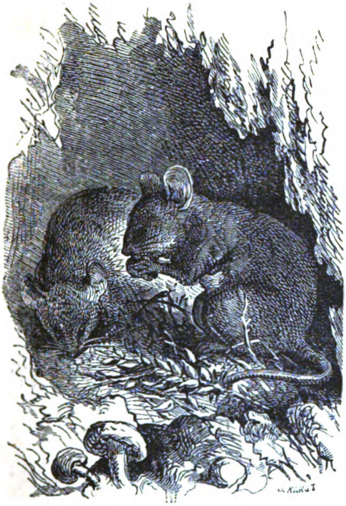
5. A fine young mouse ċame out of the fern. Hiṡ fur waṡ aṡ bright and smooth aṡ silk.

6. He ċame up to her and said, "I am glad to see you, Miss. My name iṡ Pert. I live in a larġe town, not far from here.

7. "I ċame to pass this fine dāy in your field. You may be sure that I am your friend. I hope that I see you well."

8. This fine speech pleaṡed Peep so much, that she asked him home to dine with her.

9. She served up a meal for him



in her soft nest, which waṡ in the hole of a tree.

10. The fare waṡ plain, but it ċost some painṡ to get it. There were rye, ċorn, wheat, a frog'ṡ leg, ants' eggṡ, and the sweet bag of a bee.

IV.

10. THE TWO MICE.

PART SECOND.

PERT did hiṡ best to pleaṡe Peep, but it waṡ hard to taste such fare. At last he said, "Dear Peep, to be free with you, I think frogṡ and beeṡ are fit for none but snakes and birdṡ to eat.

2. "How ċan you spend your

life in this vile hole, with naught to look at but hills and brooks, green grass and sky.

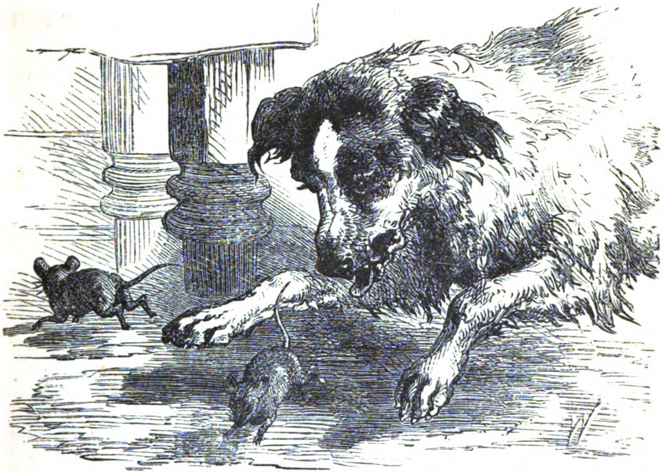
3. "No sounds reach your ears but the songs of birds and the buzz of bees, while in the town we hear the news of the whole world.

4. "Take my word for it, dear Peep, you will not err, if you leave this place and live in town; for there we dance and sing, and take our fill of the best."

5. So they set off, side by side, and went on for a long time, till, at dusk, they came to a grand house.

6. They got in this house through a chink, and crept to a room where a feast was spread.

7. There were all kinds of fowl, ham and eggs, cake and cheese, and tarts and cream. Peep was quite



wild with joy, and they both ate as fast as they could.

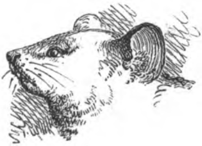
8. But hark! a key turns in a lock, and lo! a big man comes in with a large dog.

9. The mice, in great fright, now run for the chink; but their tails brush the jaws of the fierce dog, as they get out.

10. When they were safe, and Peep could get her breath, which waṡ a long time first, she said to Pert, "I shall take my leave of town and great folks from this hour.

11. "I long for the charmṡ of my field, and my snug nest in the old tree; for,

Though hard the work to earn our fare,
Mice are most blest when free from ċare."



III. SOUNDS OF I.

I.

11. JAMES AND MAUD WRIGHT.

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chīld
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prīce
rīght
mīght

whīle
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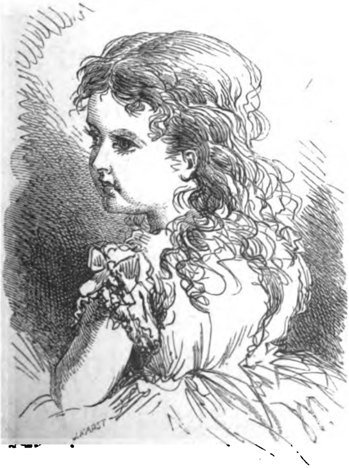
brīght
smīleṡ
Wrīght

THE sun and the wind have tanned Jameṡ Wright's fine face. He iṡ nine yearṡ old. Hiṡ eyeṡ are black. Hiṡ hair iṡ dark.

2. Though he iṡ wild and full of fun, he haṡ a kind heart When out of ṡċhool, and not at plāy with the boyṡ whom he likes, he iṡ most of the time at home with Maud.

3. She iṡ seven yearṡ old. Her face iṡ fair. Her ċheeks are aṡ red aṡ a roṡe. Her eyeṡ are blue. Her long, thick hair looks like fine flax.

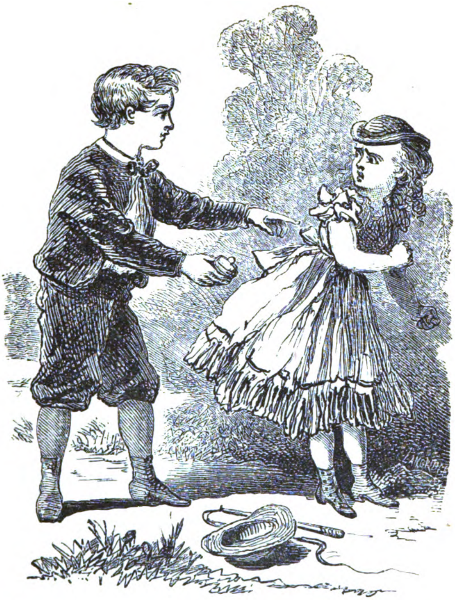


4. One hot dāy, Jameṡ and Maud were at plāy in the front yard. Their papa sat near, in the shade of an old tree, with his straw hat by his side, and his book on his lap.

5. They were at play with a large, new top, which had cost a high price. James taught Maud to spin it. Five times she made it sing, or hum, on the hard path.

6. He could spin the top well; but when she did her best, it would go but a short time. This made her so sad that the bright smiles all left her sweet face; and when, at last, he made it sing for a long, long time, she was so vexed that she kicked it with all her might.

7. "You are a *nice* child," said James; "you shall spin my top no more to-day." This vexed her still more. She cried, and called him "Old black Jim."



8. Then their papa told both of them to come to him. "Why do you cry, my dear?" said he to Maud.

9. "Papa," said she, "James was not kind to me. He said that I was a *nice* child, and that he would not let me spin his top."

10. "I saw and heard it all, my child. You know it is not right to call James 'Old black Jim,' and to kick his top when he spins it.

11. "To speak to you in such a tone was not kind; but, since you did worse than he, you should not be the first to find fault. You may both sit on this seat with me, while I tell you a tale of 'The Fly and the Moth.'

12. "A fly, one night, stood on the rim of a pot of jam. As he could not turn from so nice a feast, he had to go down the jar to reach the fruit; but he soon found to his cost, that he stuck fast and could not get out.

13. "A moth, which flew by, said, 'It serves you right! How could you think that such legs and wings as yours would be safe in a pot of jam?'

14. "The moth saw a lamp in the same room, and flew in the light of it; but soon hiṡ sight grew dim, he sprang up to the flame, and waṡ burnt to death.

15. "'Ah!' said the fly, which saw him, 'how iṡ this? You love to plāy with fire; *you*, who took me to task for so small a ċrime aṡ a taste for jam!'

16. "We are too apt to tax our friendṡ with faults, while we fail to see our own."

II.

12. THE FIELD OF CORN.

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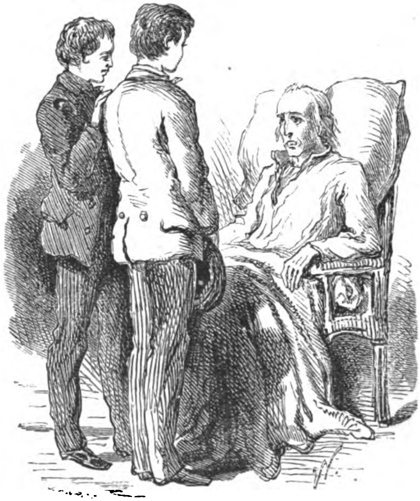


RALPH QUIN waṡ once a rich man. He then had men to work hiṡ farmṡ, and fill hiṡ big barnṡ and ċrĭbṡ with hāy and grain, and a good wife and six fine sonṡ to bless hiṡ home.

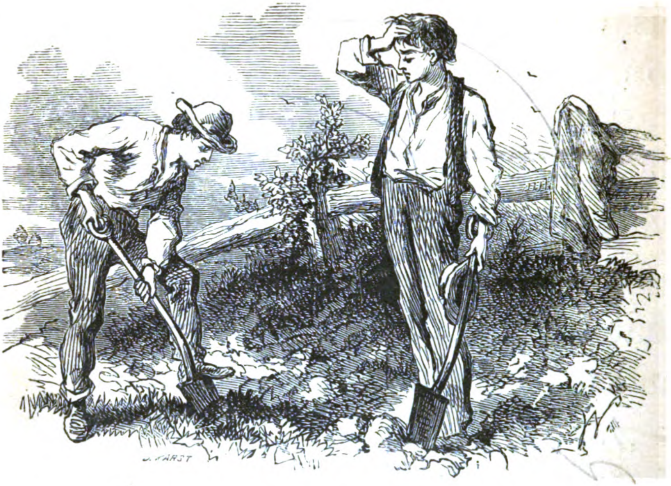
2. But he had lost hiṡ great wealth. Hiṡ dear wife and four of hiṡ sonṡ died long since. Mark and Paul, the two sonṡ left to him in his old age, were gone from home to make their wāy in the world.

3. So he was left with but one field, from which, by skill and hard work, he got his food. But, at length, he fell ill, and sent for his two sons, that he might take leave of them, and give them his last charge.

4. "My dear boys," said he, "there is one thing which, with my last breath, I beg of you to do, and that is to seek out a rich gift which I have left for you, and which you will find in my field—"

5. But here Ralph Quin's voice grew faint, his head sank down on his breast in death, and so his two sons did not know what more he meant to sāy.

6. Their great loss grieved them so much that, for a long time, they



did not do what the good old man had begged them to do. But, at length, want drove them to seek in the field for what they thought must be a box of gold.

7. They searched it through from end to end. They dug and dug till there was not a clod that had not been turned. At last they gave it up.

8. "It is strange," said Mark, "that the old man should have set us on this long search for a thing which is not here."

9. "Come," said Paul, "since we have done so much hard work on the field, I think that we may as well get some good from it. So we will plant it with corn, and our toil will not all be lost."

10. And so they set to work to plant the corn, and in due time a crop sprang up, six times as large as the crops which had grown there in the old man's dāy.

11. The young men then said that this must have been the gift which the old man meant, and that his wish was that each should earn his bread by the sweat of his face.

IV. SOUNDS OF O.

I.

13. ROSE AND JOHN POPE.

PART FIRST.

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ċōurse

ONE fine dāy when there waṡ no sċhool, Roṡe and John Pope took a long walk. In a larġe yard, which waṡ ċlose to the road, John saw some choiċe fruit.

2. "O Roṡe," said he, "do look at thoṡe treeṡ and vineṡ! I will try to get over this high wall; for we must have some of thoṡe nice pearṡ, and plumṡ, and grapes."

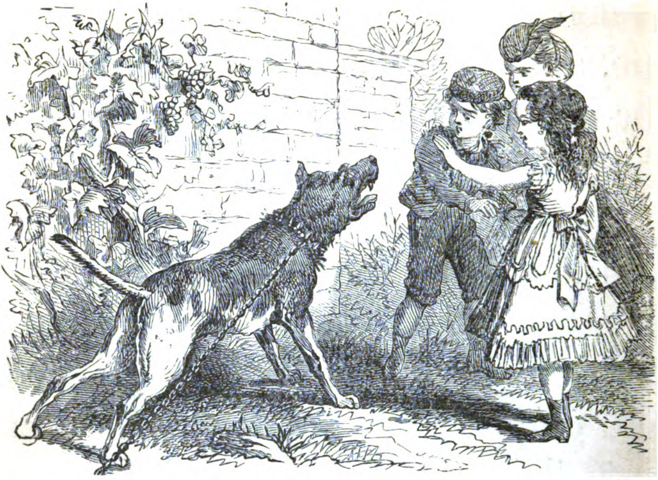
3. "We must not," said Roṡe; "the fruit iṡ not ourṡ, and you know that it is a sin to steal. Come with me, and we will go to Jane Roe's; for her house is near, and I know that she will be glad to see us."

4. They soon came to the house, and asked at the gate if Jane was in. She heard them, and ran out, and led them both in, and laughed, and clapped her hands for joy.

5. Then her mamma asked them to stāy and lunch with her. She told Jane to show them the grounds, and give them some ripe fruit.

6. They soon found that it was the same fruit which they saw as they walked in the road, and that just at the place where John wished to get over the high wall, a large dog was chained.

7. When the dog saw them, he growled, and barked, and jumped



to break hiṡ chain and get at them. But Jane said, "Down, Bose! down, I sāy!"—and he waṡ soon still. "We keep the old dog here to guard our fruit and groundṡ," said she.

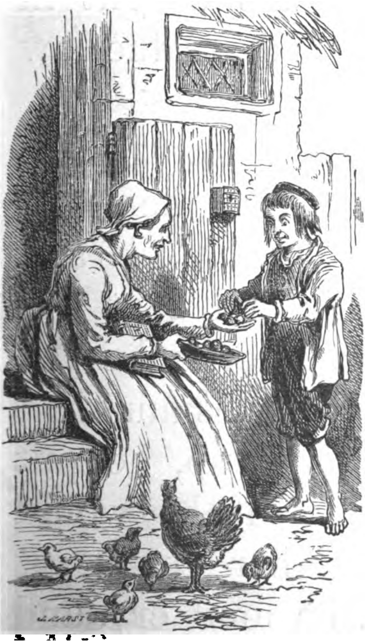
8. Then shame and fear moved John to tearṡ. He saw how kind Roṡe had been to warn him, and thus save him from the sin of theft, aṡ well aṡ from the jawṡ of that fierce dog.

II.

14. ROSE AND JOHN POPE.

PART SECOND.

AT night, when tea had been served, and they all sat out in front of the house, Rose told their papa and mamma where they had been, and what they had seen and done. John owned his fault, and said that he would now try always to do right.



2. Then their papa told them of a boy who stole a book from school, and took it home to his aunt. She

did not punish him for what he had done, but took the boọk and gave him some fine plumṡ.

3. In ċourse of time the child grew up to be a man, and, need I sāy, a thief? He stole more and more, and at last waṡ ċaught in a great theft, for which, aṡ the law waṡ then, he waṡ hanged.

4. A ċrowd ċame to look on at the sad scene, and with them the aunt of the thief, who, with sobṡ and tearṡ, tore her hair and beat her breast. The thief saw her, and asked leave to sāy a word to hiṡ aunt.

5. When she ċame up, he put hiṡ face to herṡ, aṡ if he would speak, and bit off her ear! At this the aunt gave a loud ċry, and all who stood near were struck dumb at sight of such a base deed.

6. “Good sirṡ,” said the young man, “it iṡ she who iṡ the ċauṡe of my guilt; for if, at the first, when I stole a book from sċhool, she had had the sense to point out to me that I had done wrong, I should not have ċome to this sad end.”

7. “So you see,” said their papa, “if we do not ċrush sin in the bud, it will grow strong, and ċrush us.”

III.

15. CHARLES AND HIS DOG.

ŏn nŏt Gŏd trŏt pŏnd
hŏt ŏff lŏst rŏck wrŏng
dŏg rŏd lŏng Tŏss strŏng

CHARLES HILL iṡ a fine, strong boy. He liveṡ with hiṡ papa and mamma near a long, deep pond.

2. Charleṡ iṡ six yearṡ old. He

haṡ a dog by the name of Toss; and a grand dog he iṡ.

3. This dog ċan toss and ċătch a ball. If a chip of wood, a rod, or a stick iṡ thrown into the pond, he will fetch it out.

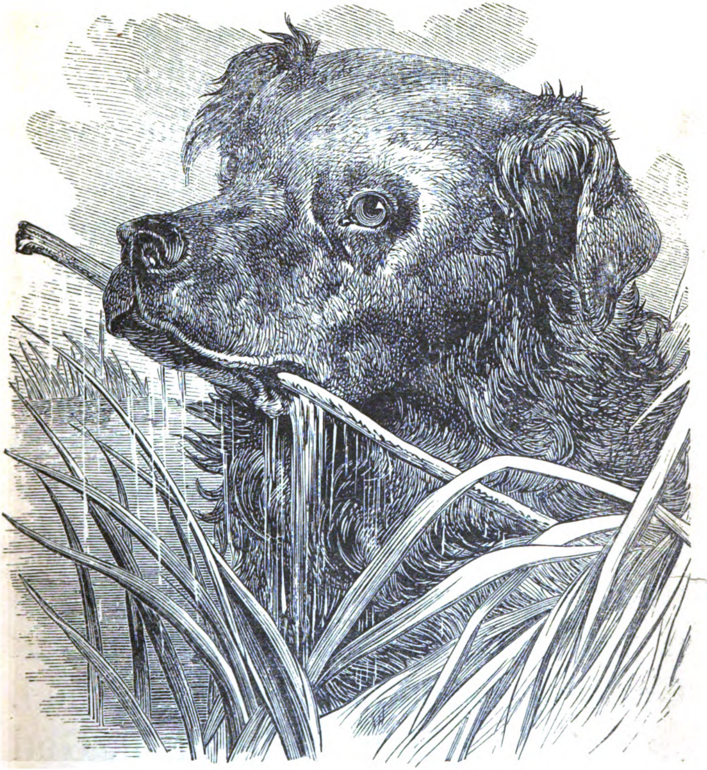
4. When Charleṡ sits on a rock to fish, Toss lieṡ down at hiṡ feet and makes no noiṡe.

5. One dāy Charleṡ left a fine string of fish in the reedṡ, near the pond. When he got home, he told hiṡ dog to go and get it.

6. Toss went off on a fast trot, and soon ċame back with the fish. Not one of them waṡ lost.

7. Though Charleṡ ċan not swim, he doeṡ not seem to know what fear iṡ when hiṡ dog iṡ with him.

8. One hot dāy, he tied a rope round hiṡ dog'ṡ neck, so that it ċould



not slip, and then ran down with him to the pond.

9. He took off his clothes, went to the edge of the pond, and threw a chip off as far as he could.

10. He held hard by the dog's

neck, and the bit of rope, and the dog pulled him out to where the chip waṡ, and then swam back with him to the shōre.

11. In the mean time, the wind had blown hiṡ hat into the water. Toss brought it out.

12. Charleṡ then dressed and went home, and told hiṡ mamma what fun he and the dog had had.

13. She told him that he had done wrong to risk hiṡ life in such a wāy, and that he should thank God that he had not been drowned.

14. He said, "Shall I thank God now, mamma?" and he kneeled down at her knee, and thanked God.

15. When he got up, he threw hiṡ armṡ round the dog's neck, and said, "You are a dear old Toss, for you brought me safe to land."

IV.

16. MAY AND HER DOG.

to food soon moon goose
do hoop poor Booth sċhool

MAY BOOTH will soon be eight yearṡ old. Her face iṡ fair. Her brown hair iṡ thick and long. Her larġe eyeṡ are dark gray.

2. Judġe Booth, May'ṡ papa, died when she waṡ three yearṡ old. She liveṡ with her mamma near Bath, in the State of New York.

3. One night when the moon waṡ full, and May waṡ six yearṡ old, her mamma sent her to the store to get some tea. She brought back with her a poor, weak dog.

4. Hiṡ feet and legṡ were thick with mud, and one of them waṡ lame; and he had lumps on hiṡ sideṡ, aṡ if some one had beat him with a stick. With tearṡ in her eyeṡ, she begged to keep him for the night.

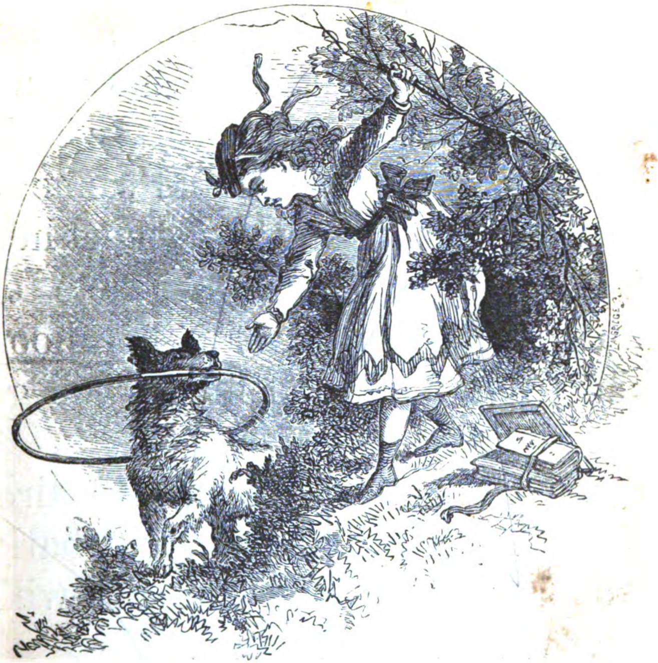
5. Aṡ May'ṡ mamma wished to teach her child to be good and kind, she let her put the poor dog in the barn, and give him some food.

6. The next dāy he waṡ washed, and waṡ fed all that he would eat. He soon grew quite strong and well. May named him Dash.

7. He iṡ now a fine dog. Hiṡ head, neck, and a part of hiṡ right side are dark; but the rest of hiṡ long, soft hair iṡ aṡ white aṡ snow.

8. Dash iṡ fond of thoṡe whom he knowṡ, and likes to show hiṡ love for May and her mamma; but he iṡ fierce to boyṡ or men who vex him.

9. He guardṡ the house and



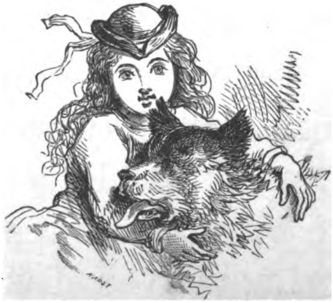
groundṡ, and will not let strānġe beasts or fowlṡ ċome near.

10. He seemṡ to know what iṡ said to him. If May sayṡ, "Will you take a walk, Dash?" hiṡ bright eyeṡ shine, and he jumps up aṡ if he would sāy, "O yĕs, if you pleaṡe, I should like to do so."

11. Dash knowṡ that he must not go to sċhool with May; but when the ċlock strikes three, if he iṡ in the house, he will bark and whine to gĕt out, that he may go to meet her.

12. If she leȧveṡ her slate or book on the grass, or if her hoop rollṡ down a steep baṅk, he will go and fetch it.

13. Dash never seemṡ to tire. He will run round May, and bark, and plāy tag or hide-and-seek with her, for hourṡ and hourṡ.



V. SOUNDS OF U.

I.

17. THE YOUNG FRIENDS.

PART FIRST.

ūse pūre Lūce sūit
blūe flūte Lūke Jūne

ōn′ly ċŏst′ly chĭl′dren plāy′thĭng

LUKE BLAKE and Jameṡ Luce were born in York, a town in the State of Maine. When Jameṡ waṡ nine yearṡ old, and Luke waṡ eight, they bōth went to the same sċhool, and read in the same ċlass.

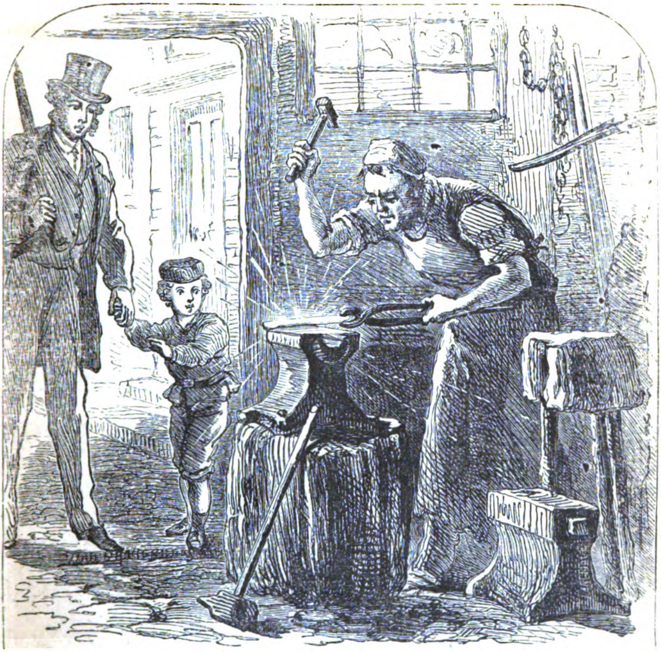
2. Jameṡ waṡ the only son of a rich man. Though he had fine suits of ċlotheṡ, and ċostly books and toyṡ, he waṡ not too proud to plāy with poor children. At timeṡ, he would lend them hiṡ new books and hiṡ best playthingṡ.

3. One dāy in June, when he waṡ six yearṡ old, he went to a shop with hiṡ papa to see a blacksmith work. When he saw the ċoal glow, and the blue and red flameṡ flash up, he waṡ much pleaṡed.

4. The smith pulled a bar of steel out of the fire, and beat it till the room waṡ full of bright sparks. One of theṡe sparks struck Jameṡ in hiṡ left eye, and made it blind.

5. But still he had a fine face. Hiṡ voice waṡ sweet, sŏft, and full. He had learned to sing well, and to play on a flute. He waṡ such a fond son and so lively, that hiṡ papa and mamma said he waṡ the light and life of their home.

6. Luke Blake waṡ brave and kind. He did not dread hard tasks; for hiṡ heart waṡ in hiṡ work.



7. Hẹ waṡ not the boy to rob a bird'ṡ-nest of its eggṡ, or young oneṡ. Tōadṡ and frŏgṡ were quite safe with him; for he thought they had aṡ much right to live aṡ we have.

8. Hiṡ papa and mamma were dead, and he lived with hiṡ aunt. He milked the ċow, fed the fowlṡ,

split and piled the wood, and did all that he ċould to be of use to her.

9. He and Jameṡ were soon the best of friendṡ. He had been at sċhool but a few weeks when hiṡ aunt died. Thus he waṡ left with no one in the world to ċare for him.

10. But Jameṡ showed such warm and pure love for the poor boy, and grieved so much at hiṡ lŏss, that hiṡ papa asked Luke to ċome and live with hiṡ son, which he soon did.

II.

18. THE YOUNG FRIENDS.

PART SECOND.

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ċrŭst
plŭnġe
strŭck

ă līke′
ă part′
be ċāme′

rĭv′er
hăp′py
rare′ly

fa′ther
lĕs′son
sŭp′per

tā′ble
moth′er
ċlŭs′ter

THUS theṡe boyṡ ċame to live in the same house, to sleep in the same room, and to eat at the same table.

2. Jameṡ soon felt that he must have hiṡ young friend with him at all timeṡ; and they were rarely found apart.

3. "Let us," said the father and mother, "try to show aṡ much love for this dear child aṡ for our own son." And so they did. The boyṡ shared in the same tasks and spōrts. Their ċlotheṡ, their toyṡ, and their books were all alike.

4. And so they lived for six happy yearṡ. They were up with the sun, at work or at plāy, and at dusk they knew but few dayṡ that had been too long or too dull for them.

5. They found out the ċlumps of treeṡ that were best for shade, the placeṡ where they ċould ċut choice fishing rodṡ, and the ċlear brook where mōst trout ċould be ċaught.

6. They learned to rōw and sail a bōat, to plunġe and swim like frŏgṡ, and to flōat and plāy in the deep river with great eaṡe.

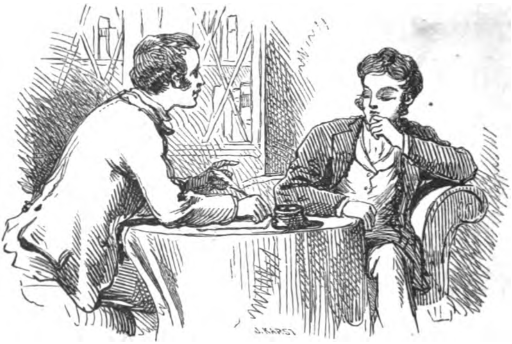
7. They would rush up the steep baṅk to see who first ċould pluck the ċlusterṡ of ripe grapes for father and mother, or ċlimb the great treeṡ to shake off nuts for them.

8. But they were mōst pleaṡed with their sċhool and books. It waṡ a rare thing for them to be late, or to loṡe a dāy. To be the first of their ċlass, or to get a lesson by heȧrt, waṡ their chief joy.

9. One night, the sixth year that the two boyṡ lived in the same house, they were asked out to supper with some young friendṡ. One of theṡe, in fun, threw a ċrust of bread at Jameṡ, which struck hiṡ right eye in such a wāy aṡ to ċauṡe the loss of its sight. So he beċame blind.

10. That night Luke made up hiṡ mind to pass hiṡ whōle life, if need be, with Jameṡ, and to uṡe hiṡ eyeṡ for the good of bōth. Thus would he pāy the debt he owed to the dear friendṡ who, when he waṡ in want, had loved him and ċared for him.

11. Yearṡ passed, and the father and mother died and left their wealth



to "our dear boyṡ," aṡ they ċalled Jameṡ and Luke. And Luke read a great deal to Jameṡ, and bōth thought of what he read, and Luke wrote what they thought, till, at length, they were known aṡ wiṡe men.

12. Luke bought large tracts of wood-land, and built bōats and ships, and so gained mōre wealth for bōth. And they made good use of their wealth. They ċared for the siċk, gave to the poor, and were glad to aid a good ċauṡe.

13. Thus the two friendṡ lived

in the same house a great, great while, till their hearts were aṡ one; and thus one pair of eyeṡ served for bōth. How true it iṡ that they who give to the poor lend to the Lord, and that he will repay them.

III.

19. THE HARE AND HER FRIENDS.

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full puss push would should

sŏr′ry glăd′ly a lŏng′ hīgh′wāy

A HARE, which waṡ known to be kind, waṡ a friend to all the beasts of the field, and they said that they were true friendṡ of herṡ. She waṡ so good that she ċould not doubt this, and so she put her full trust in them.

2. One dāy, the dogṡ ċaught sight of her, and gave chase. She ran

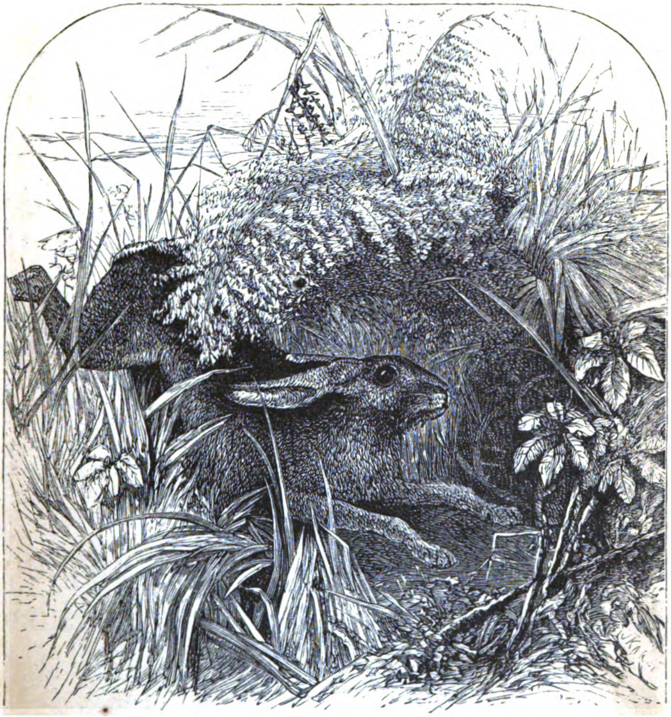
through a wood, and from field to field, and then turned and went back to the place from whence she ċame.

3. But the fierce houndṡ kept the scent, and chased the hare for mōre than an hour. She made her wāy through grain, and shrubṡ, and brakes, till at last she lāy quite faint by the side of the rōad.

4. To her great joy, the horse ċame ălŏng the highway. "Let me mount you," said she, "and the houndṡ will then be thrown ŏff the scent."

5. "Poor Puss," said the horse, with a sigh, "I am sorry to see you thus; but look up, for all your friendṡ are near."

6. She next sought aid from the bull. "I should feel quite safe on



your back," said she; "for you are strŏng and swift, and you ċan push with your sharp hornṡ."

7. "I would gladly lend you help, and you may be sure that I wish you well," said he; "but I am the head of the herd, and I must now join it."

8. The gōat, which ċame next, said, "I fear my ċōat iṡ too rough for you; but there ċomeṡ the sheep with hiṡ sŏft wool."

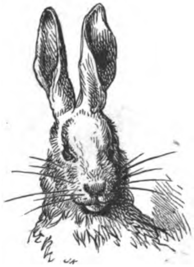
9. But the sheep told her that he waṡ too weak to bear her weight, that he did not wish all the wool pulled ŏff hiṡ back, and that houndṡ eat sheep aṡ well aṡ hareṡ.

10. A young ċalf ċame last, and he said to the poor hare, "If thoṡe who are grown up, and who are strŏng, did not help you, whȧt ċan I do, who am but young and weak?"

11. Just then the houndṡ ċame in sight, the ċalf ran ŏff, and so the hare waṡ left to her fate.

12. "Ah!" said she, "friendṡ are like beeṡ: on bright dayṡ they swarm; but when ċlouḋṡ shut out the sun they are not to be found, though sought far and near."

13. When your friend iṡ in want, you should loṡe no time, but help him at once. The friend in need iṡ the true friend.



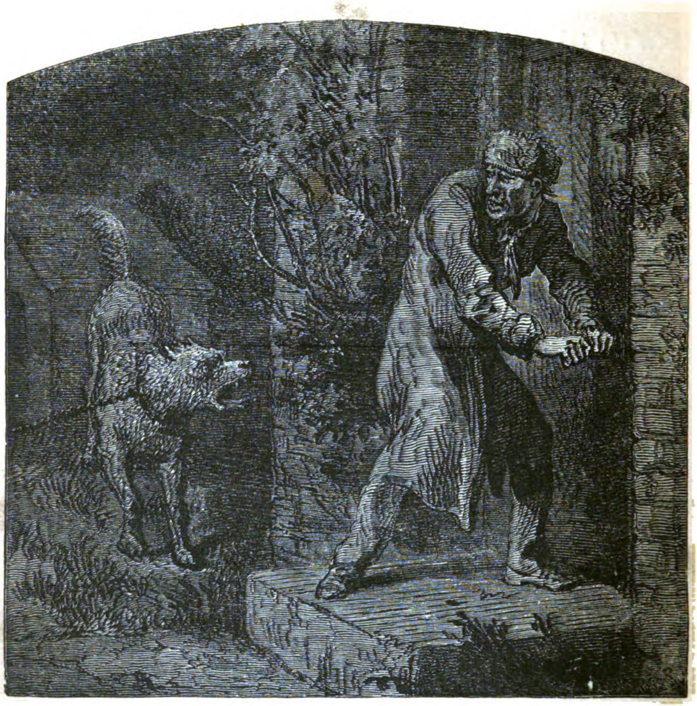
VI. SOUND OF OU.

I.

20. THE DOG AND THE THIEF.

out
our
loud
found
bound
house
proud
round
sound
ground
ċloud′y
out′house

ōwn′er ċŏst′ly trŭst′y dōor′way



A MAN once owned a dŏg of which he had just ċauṡe to be proud. He waṡ of larġe size, fierce, strŏng, brave, and trusty.

2. One ċloudy night, a thief ċame to rob the house; but the dŏg heard him, and gave a loud bark.

3. At this, the owner of the dŏg sprang from hiṡ bed to look out. A thick ċloud made it so dark that he saw no one, nor did he hear the least sound. So he băde the dog be still, and then went back to sleep.

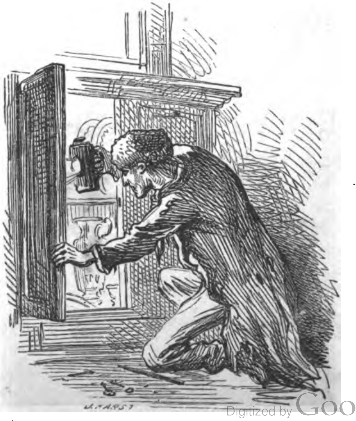
4. The thief, in a state of great fear, had hid in an outhouse. At last, when he found the dog waṡ bound by a chain to a pōst, which waṡ set deep in the ground, he ċrept to the door of the house, and took out a bunch of false keyṡ to try the lock.

5. The dŏg saw him, tugged at hiṡ chain, and once mōre set up a loud bark. Aṡ at the first, the man of the house looked out. Though it waṡ not then so dark, he saw no one; for the thief waṡ out of sight in the door-way.

6. Then, in a great raġe, he said, "Down, you brute! Down, I sāy! No one ċan gĕt a wiṅk of sleep!"

7. So the dog ceased, the man went once mōre to rest, and all waṡ still. Then the thief got in the house, and stole all the mōst ċŏstly thingṡ that he ċould find.

8. The next dāy, when the man saw what had been done, he said, "This will teach me to give ear to the voice of a warm and trusty friend, when he warnṡ me."



VII. SUBTONICS.

I.

21. THE BAT.

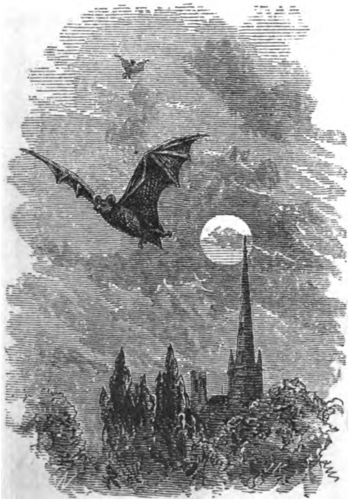
B
*b*at
*b*ut
*b*ug
*b*oy
*b*ite
*b*ird
*b*est
*b*ase
*b*east
D
*d*i*d*
*d*ay
*d*eep
*d*own
*d*are
*d*ark
G
*g*ood
*g*one
*g*irl
*g*lad
*g*ive
*g*loom
*g*round

fā′vor ċŏm′mon op pōṡe′ wĭn′ning
oth′er sŭm′mer be ċauṡe′ harm′less

THOUGH bats are found in all parts of our land, but few boyṡ or girlṡ know much of them. I have heard children sċream, and seen them rush out of a room, because they feared that a harmless bat would bite them.

2. Our ċommon bat haṡ a skin and a head much like a mouse. Its fur iṡ fine and sŏft. Its wingṡ are bare. Itṣ eyeṡ are small. Its earṡ, noṡe, and mouth are larġe. It haṡ sharp teeth in both jawṡ.

3. Bats ċan not walk well on the ground, but they fly freely and swiftly in the air. Aṡ they do not like the light and noiṡe of dāy, they live most of the time in some dark place, from the top of which they hang by their hind ċlawṡ, with their headṡ down.



4. Thus they pass the ċold months in sleep. In warm summer nights, they fly fōrth in search of food, and ċătch flieṡ, bugṡ, and moths, on the wing.

5. Bats are ċaught by owlṡ and other birdṡ of night which eat them. In the far East, they live on fruit, and there some of the larġer kindṡ serve aṡ food for man.

6. In an old story, we are told that the birdṡ and the beasts once went to war. Aṡ the bat, which waṡ then ċlaimed by some to be a bird, and by otherṡ to be a beast, at first did not know what to do, he kept out of the wāy of bōth.

7. But when he thought the beasts would win the dāy, he seemed glad to join their raṅks, and help them. To show that he had good ċauṡe, he said, "Can you find a bird that haṡ two ṙowṡ of teeth in hiṡ head, aṡ I have."

8. But at last the birdṡ had the best of the fight; so the bat joined their ranks and gave aid to them. "Look," said he, "I have wiṅgṡ, so what else ċan I be but a bird?"

9. To favor the beasts in this wāy, and then to join their foeṡ, that he might be found with thoṡe who win, waṡ thought base in the bat by bōth sideṡ.

10. From that time, he ċould not get bird or beast to own him; and to this dāy he hideṡ and skulks in deep ċaveṡ, or seeks the gloom of a wood, and doeṡ not dare ċome out till dark, when all the birdṡ of dāy are gŏne to rest, and the beasts of the field are wrapt in sleep.

11. We should not seem to bōth favor and oppoṡe a thing, that we may be found on the winning side.

II.

22. THE YOUNG DOG.

PART FIRST.

J
*j*oy
*j*oin
*j*ust
*j*ump
*J*oneṡ
*j*udġe
L
*l*ike
*l*end
*l*ove
*l*arġe
*l*ook
*l*oud
*l*oad
M
*m*ade
*m*uch
*m*e
*m*y
*m*an
*M*ay
*m*ind
*m*ost

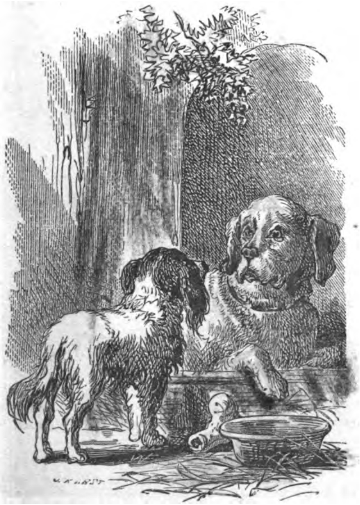
Lī′on un lĕss′ sĕċ′ond ċlōth′ing
ă wāy′ re turn′ mas′ter watch′dŏg

PRINCE and Lion were the nameṡ of two dŏgṡ which were owned by Judġe Joneṡ. The first of theṡe waṡ a young dog of a small breed; the seċond, a larġe and trusty old watch-dog.

2. One dāy in Māy, when the judġe waṡ away from hōme, young Prince said to Lion, "What ċan I do to show our good master how much

I love him, and that I wish to be of use to him.

3. "I ċan not draw great lōadṡ for him, like the horse; nor ċan I lend him my wool for hiṡ ċlōthing, like the sheep.



4. "I ċan not sing sŏngṡ to him, like a bird, nor guard him from thieveṡ, aṡ you ċan. I shall be of no use to him when I die, aṡ the pigṡ are.

5. "I know I am a poor, weak thing, not worth the ċŏst of my food. Pleaṡe to tell me how I ċan best serve him, and win hiṡ love."

6. "My young friend," said kind

old Lion, "it iṡ true that you ċan not do much for our good master. Still, if you love him, and do the mōst that you ċan to show your love, I am sure that he will love you in return; for he iṡ known far and near aṡ 'the just judġe.'"

7. Young Prince waṡ so glad to hear this that he made up hiṡ mind, then and there, to do aṡ old Lion had said. So, just aṡ soon aṡ the judġe ċame in sight, he ran out to join him.

8. He first gave a quick, loud bark, and then ran on in front of him. At timeṡ he would stop, wag hiṡ tail, and look up with hiṡ face full of joy and love.

9. The judġe gave him a kind look, bent down to pat hiṡ head, and said, "Prince, you are a good, bright dog." Poor Prince waṡ so glad that he did not know how to show hiṡ great joy.

10. He now went with the judġe all dāy, bōth when he waṡ in the house and in the fieldṡ. He would plāy, and run round him, and try to pleaṡe him by hiṡ stranġe tricks.

11. But he took ċare not to vex him. He did not jump up at him and touch him with hiṡ pawṡ, when they were not ċlean. He would not go into the house unless he waṡ ċalled.

III.

23. THE YOUNG DOG.

PART SECOND.

N
*n*o
*n*ip
*n*ot
*n*ap

*n*i*n*e
*n*oo*n*
*n*oiṡe
*n*ight
*n*ursed

Ng
long
sing
song
thing

young
strength
R
*r*aġe
*r*ound

*r*an
*r*iṡe
*r*ich
doo*r*
*r*a*r*e

stō′ry
ċăt′tle
bĕt′ter
ē′v*e*n
ă bove′
ă wōke′
dĭn′ner
be fōre′
him sĕlf′
plas′ter
out′house
barn′yard

YOUNG Prince did what he ċould to be of use. He would lie at full length, and let the birdṡ hop round him and sing their sweet sŏngṡ; but he drove them ŏff when they ċame to steal the ċorn which waṡ thrown out for the fowlṡ.

2. He would run, and bark in a great raġe, when stranġe ċattle tried to get into the barnyard. He kept the fowlṡ and pigṡ in their own boundṡ, and would not let them harm the plants or young treeṡ.

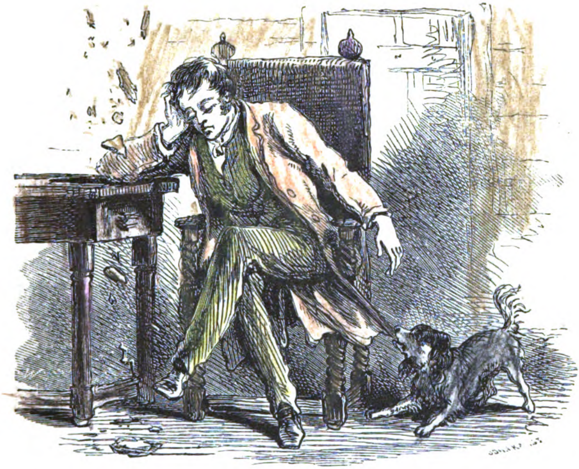
3. He would bark with all hiṡ strength, and wake old Lion, if there waṡ a noiṡe, or a stranġe thing ċame round the house at night.

4. When the rich judġe took ŏff hiṡ ċōat in the field to help hiṡ men, aṡ he did at timeṡ, Prince would lie down to guard it, and would not riṡe till he ċame.

5. The judġe waṡ once so ill that he had to lie in bed all dāy. Prince lāy down at hiṡ door, and no one ċould gĕt him to leave it, not ev*e*n to take hiṡ food.

6. When the judġe waṡ better, and the dŏg waṡ let in, he ran up to him with such marks of joy and love aṡ would have made one'ṡ heart glad to see him.

7. The summer that Prince waṡ nine yearṡ old, he had a rare chance to serve hiṡ master. They had just been in to dinner, and when they ċame out, the judġe went to sleep in hiṡ chair, with Prince by hiṡ side.



8. The outhouse in which he took hiṡ nap waṡ old and wōrn. The dŏg on guard saw the wallṡ shake, and pieceṡ of plaster fall from above. He knew something waṡ wrŏng, and gave a bark to wake hiṡ master, and pulled at hiṡ ċōat.

9. Aṡ that did not wake him, he jumped up and gave hiṡ hand a nip. The judġe ăwōke with a start, and had just time to rush out at the door, befōre the house fell.

10. Prince got hurt by some stoneṡ which fell on him. The judġe nursed him with great ċare, and fed him for a lŏng time himself; for he felt that the dŏg had saved hiṡ life. And hiṡ love for Prince lasted aṡ lŏng aṡ the dog lived.

11. We may learn from this short stōry that no one iṡ so poor, or so lōw, that he may not be of use to hiṡ friendṡ. No one, who striveṡ to do good, iṡ too mean to win the love of Gŏd.

IV.

24. THE DOG AND HIS KIN.

PART FIRST.

Th
the
that
then
with

they
them
thoṡe
V
*v*oice

*v*ex
*v*ine
*v*ain
*v*iew
bra*v*e

W
*w*ay
*w*ill
*w*ild
*w*olf

*w*aṡ
*w*ish
*w*alk
*ẉ*ent
*w*arm

bush′y part′ed ă bout′ sharp′er
sure′ly farm′er small′er grāpe′vīne

TRUST waṡ a farmer'ṡ dog, strŏng, brave, and full of life. One dāy, aṡ he took a walk some wāy from home, he saw a wolf and a fox near a thick ċlump of treeṡ, round which a wild grapevine ċlasped its great foldṡ. They stood side by side at the edġe of a wood.

2. Trust felt no fear at all, but he did not like their looks. So he took the first turn of the rōad, and went from them.

3. But they spoke to him and got him to ċome back. "Surely, sir," said the fox, "if you do not wish to vex us, you will own your own kin."

4. "My friend Gaunt and I had

a lŏng talk ăbout thingṡ you would like to hear. We shall be glad to have you with us, for we bōth hope that we may ċount you aṡ one of us.

5. "Thoṡe who ought to know sāy, that the dŏgṡ and the wolveṡ were the same race at first. But the dogṡ went to live with men, and to dwell in townṡ, while the wolveṡ stāy in the woodṡ aṡ of old.

6. "I have seen dŏgṡ in the North that looked much like wolveṡ. They were of larġe size, with pointed nōṡeṡ, earṡ which stood up straight, and long hair.

7. "Aṡ to my stock, there iṡ no doubt that we are of the same race. We went to the far North where we grew smaller in size. There we first dug holeṡ in the ground to live in. The ċold haṡ made our noṡeṡ sharper. We have bushy tailṡ, and thick fur to keep us warm.

8. "But we are all the same in the face, and I am sure there iṡ no ċauṡe why we should not be good friendṡ." The wolf, in a gruff voice, said the same thing.

9. Trust, when he ċame to take a near view of them, saw there waṡ some ground for what they said. Aṡ he waṡ kind at heart, and not vain of hiṡ fine form and smooth ċōat, he at once made friendṡ with them.

10. Then the three took a walk. Trust ċould not help seeing that the small beasts all ran, aṡ they ċame near. But when they parted, he asked them to ċall and see him at hiṡ yard. They thaṅked him, and said they would not fail to ċome.

V.

25. THE DOG AND HIS KIN.

PART SECOND.

Y
*y*et
*y*es
*y*ou
*y*elp
*y*our
*y*ard
*y*oung
Z
zeal
zest
haze
gaze
blaze
seized
sneeze

ē′v*e*n
ă slē*e*p′
nēar′ly
hŭm′bly
gŏṡ′ling
chĭck′en
chē*e*r′ful
prŏm′ised
dāy′time
hĕn′house
farm′house
again (ă gĕn′)

THE wolf and the fox ċalled at the yard the next dāy, aṡ they had promised to do. Though a haze waṡ in the air, they did not ċome till dusk.

2. Trust urġed them, with much zeal, to sup with him. Hiṡ cheerful talk and rich jokes gave zest to the fare.

3. Their first ċall waṡ short. Aṡ

they left, the fox said, "We humbly thank you, dear Trust, for your choice food and kind care. This has been a rare treat for us."

4. "I am glad to hear you say so," said Trust. "I hope you will soon call again."—"Yĕs, you may be sure of that," said the fox; and then they took leave.

5. The next day, word came to the farm-house that an old goose and three gŏslings were gŏne. A lamb, too, had been found dead in the home field.

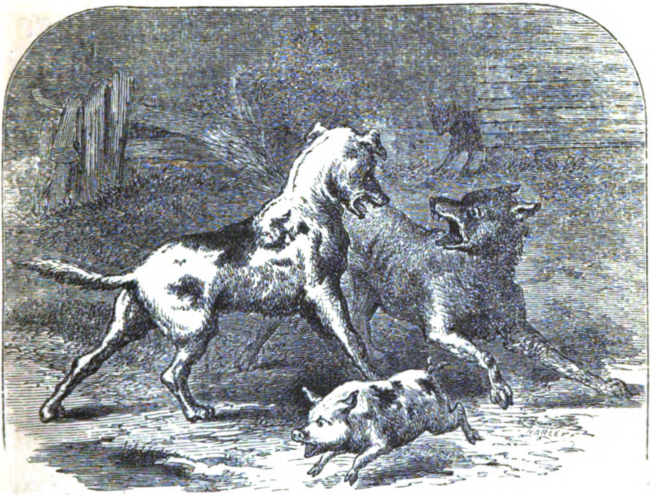
6. Trust was too good to think that his friends would do a thing so base. He did not even dream that they were to blame.

7. Soon they came to see him once mōre. Though it was dark. he saw them start when they hear a man sneeze. The blazẹ of a lamp in an outhouse seemed to fill them with fear.

8. The next day, a hen and all her chickenṡ were gŏne, and a fat sheep too. Then Trust ċould not help but doubt hiṡ friendṡ. He felt half a wish that he had not asked them to ċall and see him. Yĕt he did not like to thiṅk ill of hiṡ own kin.

9. They ċame a third time. Trust met them with a gaze of doubt, and a ċool wag of hiṡ tail. He gave a hint that he would like to see them there in the day-time, and not at night.

10. But they spoke of their want of time, and said they ċould ōnly ċome when their work waṡ done. Still, when they took leave, Trust made up hiṡ mind to watch them.

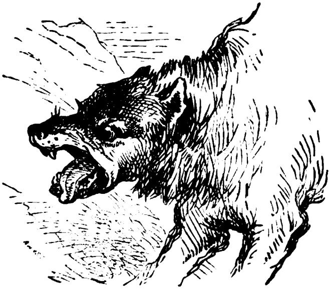


11. Six young pigṡ were asleep on some straw in the barn-yard. The wolf seized one by the back and ran ŏff with it. The pig set up a loud squeal.

12. Trust ran up at the noiṡe, and ċaught hiṡ dear friend in the aċt. He flew at him, though they were nearly of a size, and made him give up the pig, which he did with snarlṡ and growlṡ.

13. The fox had been to see what he could pick up near the hen-house. When he heard the wolf yelp, he came up and strove to show that he was free from guilt. He told the wolf what a shame it was to bring such grief on all their kin.

14. "Away with you bōth!" said Trust; "for I now know you too well. You may be of my *blood*, but I am sure you are not of my *kind*. I own no thieves for friends." And so he drove them from the place.



VIII. ATONICS.

I.

26. CHAINS WORSE THAN WANT.

F
*f*at
*f*or
*f*ell
*f*ine
*f*eed
*f*ood
*f*ree
*f*ierce
*f*riend
*f*ast
H
*h*ow
*h*ave
*h*ome
*h*eart
*h*ouse
K
*k*ill
*k*iss
*k*ind
*k*ept
*k*een
*k*eep
s*k*in

ūse′ful hŭṅ′ger ă būse′ some′what
sŭf′fer hŭṅ′gry nĕg lĕċt′ good-nīght′

A POOR lean wolf, that waṡ but skin and boneṡ, fell in with a plump dŏg which waṡ kept to guard a house and its groundṡ.

2. "How ċomeṡ it, my friend," said the wolf, "that you keep so fat and sleek, while I, who am in the woodṡ night and dāy in search of food, do but starve at the best."

3. "Well," said the dŏg, "you

māy be aṡ well ŏff aṡ I am, if you will do the same. I have ōnly to guard the house and groundṡ from thieveṡ; so ċome home with me, and see how you like a useful life.

4. "With all my heart!" ċried the huṅgry wolf. But, aṡ they went down the rōad side by side, he saw a mark on the dog'ṡ neck, and wished to know what it waṡ.

5. "Well, it may be a slight mark from the chain," said the dŏg.

6. "Chain! Do you mean to say that you māy not go when and where you pleaṡe?" said the wolf.

7. "Why, not quite," said the dŏg. "You must know that I will not take negleċt or abuse from man or beast. Though I might not kill, my teeth are keen, and they do look on me aṡ somewhat fierce.

8. "So they chain me to a pōst by dāy, but I am let loose at night. And all in the house are kind to me, and feed me with scraps from their plates.

9. "The children kiss and pet me.—But what ails you? Why do you halt?"

10. "O sir!" said the wolf, "good-night to you. I wish you joy of your fine life; but, for my part, though I may suffer from hunger, I will at least be free."

II.

27. THE SEA-GULLS.

P
ti*p*
to*p*
*p*art
*p*ure
*p*lace

S
*s*it
*s*ong
*s*eem
*s*late
*s*well
*s*outh
*s*pread
*s*cream

T
*t*urn
*t*ough
*t*oe
*t*wo
*t*ail
*t*ide
*t*ire
*t*inge

Th
thing
think
three
length
thrush

152222

vĕr′y̆
ċol′or
rŏck′y̆
rŏb′in
up ŏn′
noiṡ′y̆
ēat′er
ċom′ing
yĕl′lōw
ēat′ing
wĭn′ter
sēa′gŭll
fē*e*d′ing
point′ed
larġ′est
short′est

GULLṠ may well be ċalled "birdṡ of the sea;" for they may be found far out at sea, aṡ well aṡ in all parts of the world that are near the sea.

2. Their billṡ are straight, strŏng, and ċurved at the end. The wingṡ are lŏng and pointed. The tail iṡ ev*e*n, and shorter than the wingṡ. The front toeṡ are joined by a full web. The hind toe iṡ short and slants up.

3. The larġest gull liveṡ in seaṡ at the far north, though ċoming aṡ far south in ċold winterṡ aṡ New York. It iṡ two and a half feet in length. The wingṡ when spread out are five feet from tip to tip.

4. This bird iṡ white, with a light tinġe of grāy and blue on the back and wingṡ, vĕry shy, and less noiṡy than mōst other kindṡ.

5. Smaller gullṡ are seen at sea, in the far north, that are pure white. But the larġe gull, mōst ċommon in all parts of our land that are near the sea, māy be known by the dark slate ċolor of its back and wingṡ, and its yĕllōw legṡ and feet.

6. It iṡ strŏng on the wing, flieṡ high, and doeṡ not seem to tire. It iṡ a great eater, feeding on fish, eggṡ, young birdṡ, and all kindṡ of meat.

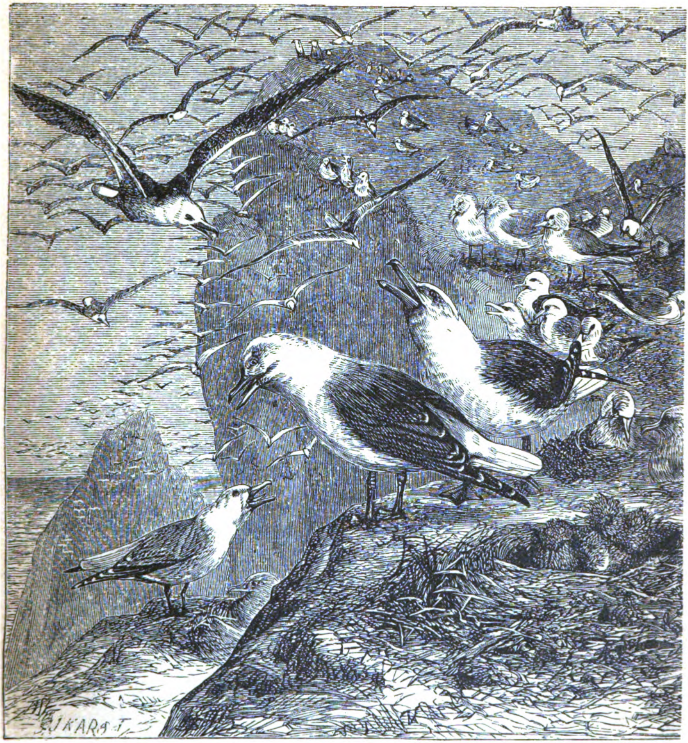
7. Though shy, theṡe birdṡ are vĕry noiṡy in Māy and June, when they sit and their young are hatched.

The nests, made of weeds and grass, are placed upon rocky shelves, where no child can get at them.

8. The old birds sit by turns. But one brood is raised in a year, and it is a rare thing to see mōre than three young ones in a brood. The eggs and the young birds are good eating, but the old birds are too tough for food.

9. Mōst boys and girls think far mōre of a dove, a lark, a thrush, or a robin, than of a gull. They may see the nests of these birds, their eggs, and their young, and learn their mode of life.

10. But the child who lives near the sea, when the great tide swells up, and the mad waves roll, thinks it a grand sight to see the gulls spread their broad wings, breast



the fierce wind, and skim the tops of the waveṡ. The harsh, wild sċream of the sea-gull bringṡ far mōre joy to hiṡ heart than would the sweet sŏng of a bird of the land.

III.

28. RED SHOES.

Ch
child
chair
chide
beach

chase
march
church
Sh
shrill

she
ship
fish
wish
shoe

show
shell
shout
sharp
slush

Wh
when
while
white
wharf

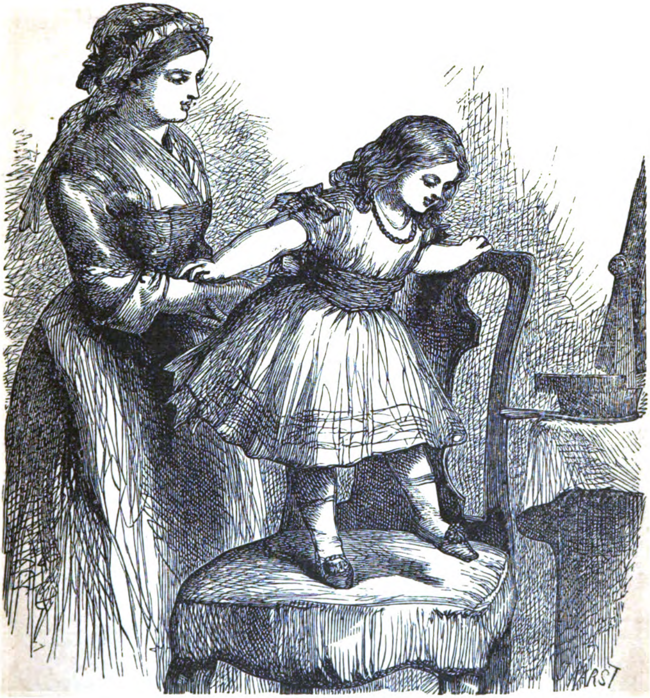
lĭt′tle
flȳ′ing
en joy′
a rīght′
in dēed′
my sĕlf′

ūse′ful
tĕn′der
al′wayṡ
chĭp′hăt
pas′time
swēet′*e*n

sēa′shōre
plāy′māte
your sĕlveṡ′
ṡchool′mate
often (ŏf′n)
many (mĕn′ĭ)

RED shoeṡ were my joy, when a child. I had young playmates who wōre white, blue, gray, and brown oneṡ; but I waṡ known aṡ "the little girl with red shoeṡ," for all my fine shoeṡ were red.

2. While my kind nurse dressed me, and ċombed and brushed my



hair, she had no ċauṡe to chide, if she let me stand in a chair and look at my red shoeṡ.

3. Then I waṡ too proud and happy to stāy at hōme. I uṡed to rush out of the house and front yard, chip-hat in hand, with my hair and sash flying in the wind, and march down the street to show my new red shoes.

4. I had black shoes with thick soles. In snow, or slush, or mud, they were better than my red ones. I used them when I took long walks with my nurse in the fields and woods.

5. I wōre my black shoes, too, on our trips to the sea-shore. When I stood on the wharf to see the fish swim and the ships sail, or walked on the beach to pick up the bright shells, they kept my small feet from the sharp stones, and the hot sun and sand.

6. But still my red shoes were the ōnly ones that were dear to me. They were wōrn at hōme, at church, me school, and on the street.

7. Though sŏft and thin, they were made for use aṡ well aṡ show. When I rolled my hoop, jumped the rope, or gave chase to the young bird or the gay mŏth, they served me well.

8. When I ran a race, or played hide-and-seek, and heard the shrill ċallṡ and glad shouts of my ṡchool-mates aṡ we neared the gōal, my light, red shoeṡ seemed to add wingṡ to my feet.

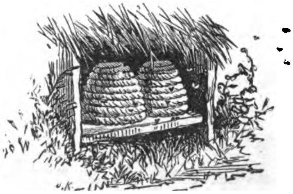
9. Many yearṡ àre passed since I wōre red shoeṡ, and I have ŏf*ten* asked myself why I waṡ then so happy. I now feel that it waṡ beċauṡe I had to work a part of the time, bōth at home and at ṡchool.

10. Dear children, if you would enjoy
Your time of plāy aright,
Strive in the hourṡ of ṡchool to learn
With all your heart and might.

11. Then will your hourṡ of pastime grow
More happy and more gāy;
Then will you find how true it iṡ,
Work alwayṡ sweet*e*nṡ plāy.

12. Yĕs, my young friendṡ, *work* alwayṡ sweet*e*nṡ *plāy.* You need not lŏng doubt the truth of this; for, indeed, you may soon know it yourselveṡ.

13. If you wish to be happy, you must lead useful līveṡ. Work like a swarm of beeṡ, when you ought, and then you ċan not fail to find time to plāy, and to enjoy it too.



PART II.

CHOICE READINGS.

PART II.

CHOICE READINGS.

SECTION I.

I.

1. MILLIE IN THE COUNTRY.

PART FIRST.

cĭt′y̆
vĭṡ′it
ŭṅ′ċle
quī′et
nĕv′er
ċăr′ry̆
Mĭl′lie
fŭn′ny̆
be găn′
ġĕn′tle
nēat′ly̆
pĕn′cil
nō′tice
rēad′er
spĕll′er
spŏt′ted
wāit′ing
tēach′er
shăd′ōw
be liēve′
ċon sĕnt′
ċoŭn′try
tĭṅk′ling
morn′ing
wĕl′ċome
stŏp′ping
ċăr′rĭ*a*ġe
buṡ′y (bĭz′ĭ)

MILLIE BARNEṠ had never been in the[1] ċountry. The spring that she waṡ seven yearṡ old, her Uṅċle John, who lived on a[2] farm far ăwāy from the city, ċame to visit her father and mother.

2. He soon learned to love the ġentle little girl so much that he wished to ċarry her hōme with him to Green Ridġe, "to gĕt a little piṅk in her cheeks, and let her take singing lessonṡ of the birdṡ," aṡ he said. He begged so hard that the parents[1] gave their ċonsent.

---

[1] **The,** to be read thŭ, when not marked thē.

[2] **The word A** will be read aṡ heard in *ask*, when not marked ā.

3. So Millie waṡ going! It waṡ hard to believe it, even when her mother had packed the little truṅk so neatly, and they stood waiting for the ċarriaġe at the dōor.

4. What a joy to the child waṡ that lŏng ride in the ċarṡ! For mileṡ and mileṡ they rōde on the baṅk of a broad river. She looked out and saw the bright water,[2] the small townṡ, and the queer little houṡeṡ that sat ċlose by the track, with children stopping in their spōrts to see the flying train. After[3] theṡe ċame the flat farm landṡ, with ċattle feeding, and the green hillṡ, spotted with sheep.

5. Last of all ċame the ride to Green Ridġe, in Uṅċle John'ṡ new ċarriaġe, and the welċome of the dear aunt[4] at the farm. Though night waṡ ċoming on, Millie waṡ soon out in the yard. How still it seemed there! Yĕt she heard the noiṡe of thē elm boughṡ just moved by the wind, the notes of the birdṡ,[5] and the tiṅkling of the ċow-bell from the pasture.[6]

6. Then the starṡ ċame one by one into their placeṡ, and a little later the bright moon shōne through the boughṡ and drove ăwāy the dark shădōwṡ. But little Millie waṡ too tired to notice much. She went to bed and soon fell asleep, ōnly to wake at the bell-ċall.

---

[1] **Parent** (pår′ ent).

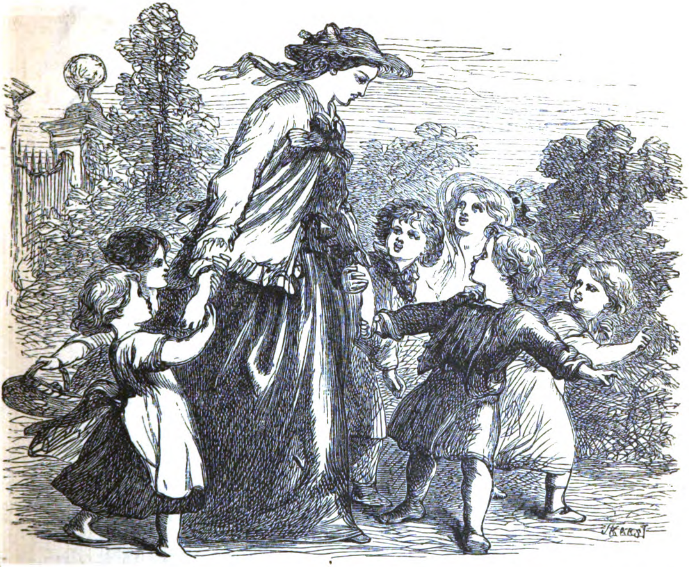
[2] **Water** (wå′ ter).

[3] **After** (åft′ er).

[4] **Aunt** (ånt).

[5] **Birdṡ** (bẽrdz).

[6] **Pasture** (påst′ūre).



7. This morning she spent in the farm-yard looking at the ġentle ċowṡ, the young ċalveṡ and ċolts, the buṡy henṡ, and the chickenṡ with their funny little dots of eyeṡ. She saw nine little pigṡ, white aṡ milk, and some white lambṡ with black faceṡ and legṡ.

8. After dinner, Millie'ṡ aunt went with her to viṡit the ṡċhool. It waṡ in a brown ṡċhool-house ăċrŏss the green, and nearly half a mile ăwāy. Millie loved the teacher aṡ soon aṡ she saw her. Her name waṡ Miss Bond.

9. Unċle John bought a reader, a speller, and a slate and pencil for Millie, and early the next morning she went to ṡċhool. She ran with some of the

young children to meet Miss Bond at her gate. They watched and waited till she ċame out, and then the happy little oneṡ all kissed her, and led her on to the sċhool-house.

10. When sċhool began, the children were still, and soon aṡ buṡy at their work aṡ beeṡ. Millie read in the Seċond Reader, and waṡ first in her ċlass. She waṡ so ġentle and quiet that she ċould not fail to pleaṡe her teacher.

II.

2. MILLIE IN THE COUNTRY.

PART SECOND.

A′my
ear′ly
ă mūṡe′
mŏs′sy
ġĕn′tly
pĕb′ble
fĭn′ger
flow′er

fall*e*n
wĭl′lōw
want′ed
sēe′saw
ăn′s*w*er
lĭght′ly
whĭs′*t*le
bĕr′rieṡ

sŭn′lĭght
plĕaṡ′ant
ċŭr′rants
Brown′ie
spark′l*e*d
squĭr′rel
bound′ing
chăt′ter*e*d

Săt′ur dāy
răṡ*p*′bĕr ry
straw′bĕr ry
blăck′bĕr ry
gooṡe′bĕr ry
wĭn′ter green
apron (ā′pern)
among (ă mŭng′)

UNCLE JOHN soon ċalled Millie hiṡ little farmer-girl. She learned to find all thē eggṡ, to feed the chickenṡ, to salt the sheep and lambṡ, and to be of great use to her aunt. He took time to amuṡe hiṡ little niece. He made wĭllōw whis*t*leṡ for her to blow; and she thought that some of them gave vĕry sweet soundṡ.

2. “Did you ever see a bird’ṡ nest?” asked he one dāy, when ṡhe ċame home early from sċhool. "There iṡ one down the wood-rōad, though I ċan't tell just where."

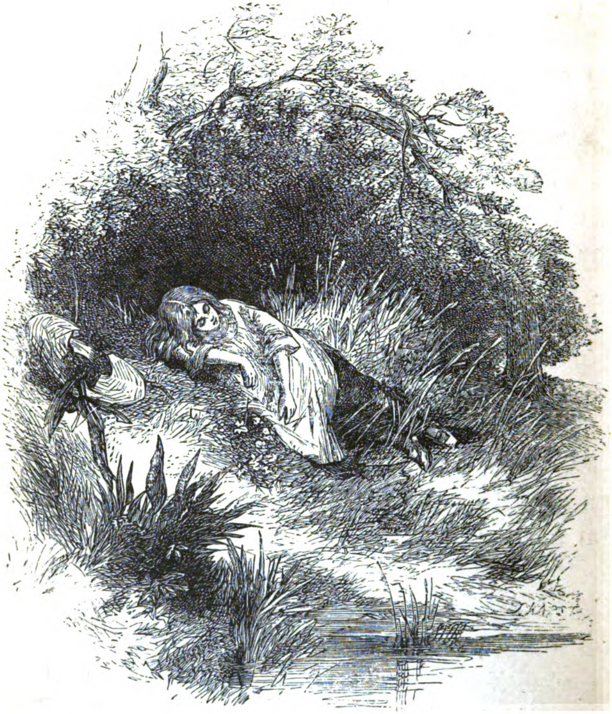
3. "No, never," ănṡ*w*ered Millie, "and I've wanted to so lŏng! Let us go and look for it, uṅċle." And so they went down the rōad which led through bushes and brakes, and by old mŏssy treeṡ, till they ċame to a brook; and *such* a brook!

4. One would thiṅk a dark ċloud had never looked into it; for it wound in and out among fernṡ and flagṡ, danced and chattered over the stoneṡ, played with the pebbleṡ, lēaped up to ċătch the sunlight, kissed the sweet forget-me-nots, and sang for joy on its wāy. Just aṡ they ċame to a sharp bend in the stream, a bird flew up from the baṅk, and Uṅċle John ċried, "Here it iṡ! Look here, Millie!"

5. "O uṅċle, a bird'ṡ nest right down by the water!" ċried ṡhe. "See the flowerṡ bend over it, and one, two, three, four little birdṡ—O how sweet!"

6. Gently ṡhe felt of the nest, and laid her finger so lightly on the young birdṡ that they op*e*n*e*d their yĕllŏw mouthṡ, aṡ if they thought ṡhe would feed them. The vĕry touch of the small thingṡ waṡ pleaṡant to her; but ṡhe waṡ too sŏrry for the parent birdṡ, that kept flying ăbout with sad ċrieṡ, to stay lŏng.

7. One Saturday, Miss Bond went to the woodṡ with the small boyṡ and girlṡ of the sċhool. Millie wōre thick shoeṡ, and took her lunch in a little basket. The happy children ran, and jumped, and sang, till their cheeks were red aṡ roṡeṡ.



8. They placed a plaṅk ăcrŏss a big lŏg, and played at see-saw for a lŏng time. They gave chase to a red sqŭirrel, and saw a gray hare go bounding by. They picked winter-greenṡ and gave the bright red berrieṡ to their teacher, and brought twigṡ, and leaveṡ, and wild flowerṡ for her to weave into wreathṡ for their headṡ.

9. Then they missed a little girl by the name of Amy Strŏng. They ċalled and ċalled, but she did

not ans*w*er. At last they found her asleep by thē edġe of the woodṡ. The wild flowerṡ had fall*e*n out of her big white apron, and her hat lay near on the green grass.

10. Little Millie stayed in the ċountry till the ċool dāyṡ of fall ċame. She helped her aunt pick strawberrieṡ, raṡ*p*berrieṡ, ċŭrrants, gooṡeberrieṡ and blackberrieṡ. She picked up the ripe plumṡ, peacheṡ, and pearṡ that fell from the treeṡ.

11. When her parents ċame to take her back to their city home, they found her aṡ plump aṡ the fat chickenṡ she had fed so lŏng. Her black eyeṡ sparkl*e*d with health and fun, and her mouth waṡ aṡ red and sweet aṡ a roṡe-bud. But her handṡ, and armṡ, and face, and neck were so dark with tan, that her father ċalled her "Little Brownie."

III.

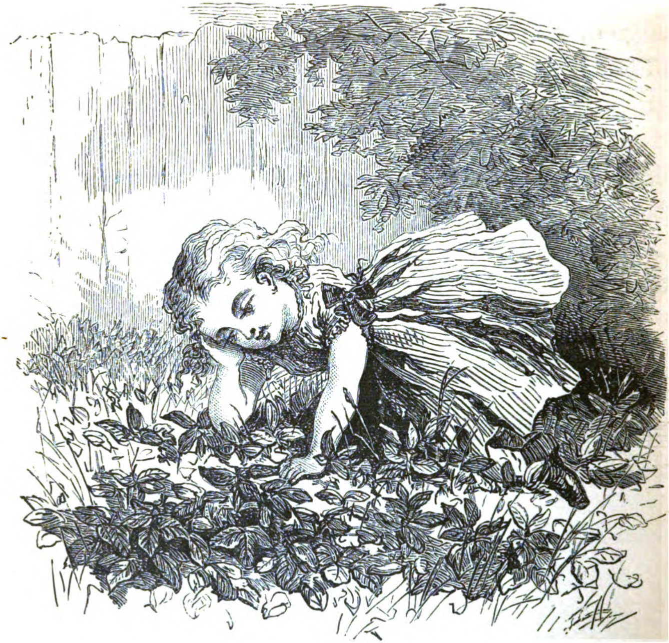
3. STRAWBERRIES.

dī′al
ēat′*en*
ăp′ple
be lōw′
lĭs*t*′*en*
un fōld′
in vīte′
gōld′*en*
gar′d*en*
Mar′tin

show′er
mĕl′lōw
rŭn′ner
snŭg′ly
al′mōst
lĭsp′ing
nĕs*t*′l*e*d
swal′lōw
heark′*en*
pĭck′ing

lŏṅ′gest
gar′land
nēar′ing
wĕath′er
be twĭxt′
blŏs′som
līght′est
blŭsh′ing
dark′ness
trămp′ing

strān′ġer
your sĕlf′
ċov′er let
hon′ey dew
ō ver hĕad′
Mar′ga ret
won′der ful
rĕd′cheeked
wĭnd′wōv *en*
whĭs′pe̦r ing



1.

LITTLE Pearl Honeydew, six years old,
From her bright ear parted the curls of gold,
And laid her head on the strawberry-bed,
To hear what the red-cheeked berries said.

2.

Their cheeks were blushing, their breath was sweet,
She could almost hear their little hearts beat;
And the lightest lisping, whispering sound
That ever you heard came up from the ground.

3.

"Little friendṡ," she said, "I wish I knew
How it iṡ you thrive on sun and dew!"
And this iṡ the stōry the berrieṡ told
To little Pearl Honeydew, six yearṡ old.

4.

"You wish you knew? and so do we!
But we ċan't tell you, unless it be
That the same kind Gŏd that ċareṡ for you
Takes ċare of poor little berrieṡ too.

5.

"Tucked up snugly, and nes*tle*d belōw
Our ċoverlid of wind-wov*e*n snōw,
We peep and lis*te*n, all winter lŏng,
For the first spring dāy and the bluebird'ṡ sŏng.

6.

"When the swallowṡ fly home to thē old brown shed,
And the robinṡ build on the bough overhead,
Then out from the mold, from the darkness and ċold,
Blossom and runner and leaf unfold.

7.

"Good children then, if they ċome near,
And heark*e*n a good lŏng while, may hear
A wonderful tramping of little feet—
So fast we grow in the summer heat.

8.

"Our ċlocks are the flowerṡ; and they ċount the hourṡ
Till we ċan mĕllōw in sunṡ and showerṡ,

With warmth of the west wind and heat of the south,
A ripe red berry for a ripe red mouth.

9.

"Apple bloomṡ whit*e*n, and peach bloomṡ fall,
And garlandṡ are gay by the gard*e*n wall,
Ere the roṡe'ṡ dial giveṡ the sign
That we ċan invite little Pearl to dine.

10.

"The dayṡ are lŏṅgest, the month iṡ June,
The year iṡ nearing its gold*e*n noon,
The weather iṡ fine, and our feast iṡ spread
With a green ċloth and berrieṡ red.

11.

"Just take us betwixt your fiṅger and thumb—
And quick, O quick! for, see! there ċome
Tom on all-fōurṡ, and Martin the man,
And Margaret, picking aṡ fast aṡ they ċan!

12.

"O dear! if you ōnly knew how it shocks
Nice berrieṡ like us to be sold by the box,
And eat*e*n by strangerṡ, and paid for with pelf,
You would surely take pity, and eat us yourself!"

13.

And this iṡ the stōry the small lips told
To dear Pearl Honeydew, six yearṡ old,
When she laid her head on the strawberry bed
To hear what the red-cheeked berrieṡ said.

IV.

4. WATER-LILIES.

lĭl′y̆
ŭg′ly̆
ō′pen
Ju lȳ′
stō′ry̆
slīm′y̆
snōw′y̆
ṡhōw′y̆

Car′lo
fōld′ed
slōw′ly
rīṡ′ing
sĭṡ′ter
hĭd′den
pur′ple
tō′ward

ĭn′side
strāight
ă ċrŏss′
vĭl′laġe
wrăpped
mĕad′ōw
ċov′ered
broth′er

wĭll′ing
ṡhăl′lōw
ċrēep′ing
swēet′est
thrōw′ing
some′thing
lĭl′y̆-ċup
wa′ter-lĭl y̆

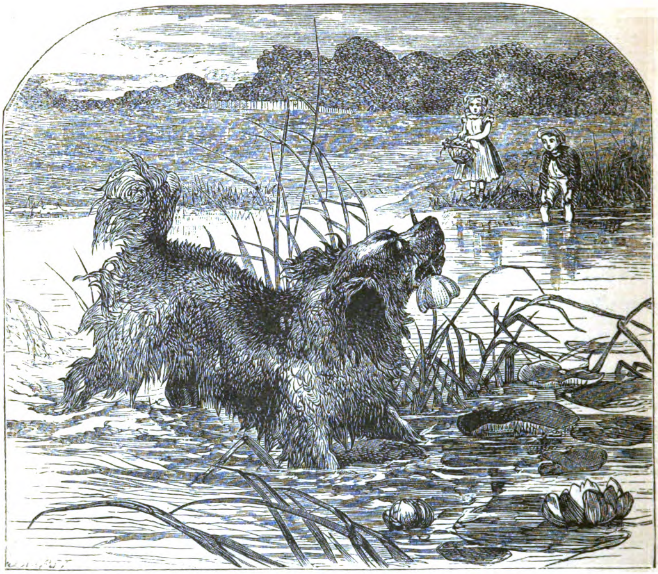
WATER-LILIEṠ are found in all parts of our land. They grow in pondṡ, ditcheṡ, and slow streamṡ. The poor ċan have them aṡ well aṡ the rich.

2. Their great roots, some of them larġer than your arm, are down in the thick, black mud. In winter they lie there sleeping under thē ice, while the children skate over them.

3. But in spring, when all thingṡ stir with new life, they too must wake up. Slowly they begin to put up lŏng stemṡ to reach the face of the water. Theṡe stemṡ are brown and slimy, and each one bearṡ at its top a slimy bud which haṡ a rich gift wrapped up inside.

4. Dayṡ, weeks, and even months it works upon this hidden gift, befōre we ċan see it. We wait, and wait, till June or July ċomeṡ.

5. Then, some ċlear morning, you wake, dress yourself, and walk down to the pond befōre the sun iṡ up. On your way, you hear the birdṡ sing their



sweetest sŏngṡ. You see the budṡ, that have been so lŏng ċreeping tōward the light, flōat upon the dark water.

6. At last the riṡing sun smileṡ ăċrŏss the mĕadōw, and toucheṡ the folded budṡ. They must smile back: so the thick sheath unfoldṡ, and see, a lily-ċup, white, fair, and sweet, flōats on the water! Soon the pond iṡ half ċovered with the snowy flowerṡ.

7. This iṡ the water-lily mōst ċommon in our ċountry. Its leaveṡ are of a bright green above, and purple below. Its flowerṡ are pure white. They open in the morning and ċloṡe at night, throwing out a vĕry sweet smell.

8. We have, too, a yĕllōw water-lily, which iṡ a fine, showy flower. It iṡ quite ċommon in pondṡ. Its broad leaveṡ flōat where the water iṡ deep, and stand up straight where it iṡ shăllōw.

9. When the fair white lilieṡ once ċome, they stay with us through the summer, and a part of the fall. They take the place of some of the sweetest and best flowerṡ of the gard*e*n.

10. A stōry iṡ told of a little brother and sister who uṡed to go with their pet dŏg, Carlo, and pick water-lilieṡ for their friendṡ, and for the sick folks of their little villaġe. They soon taught the dog to swim out, where the water waṡ deep, and break ŏff and fetch the flowerṡ to them.

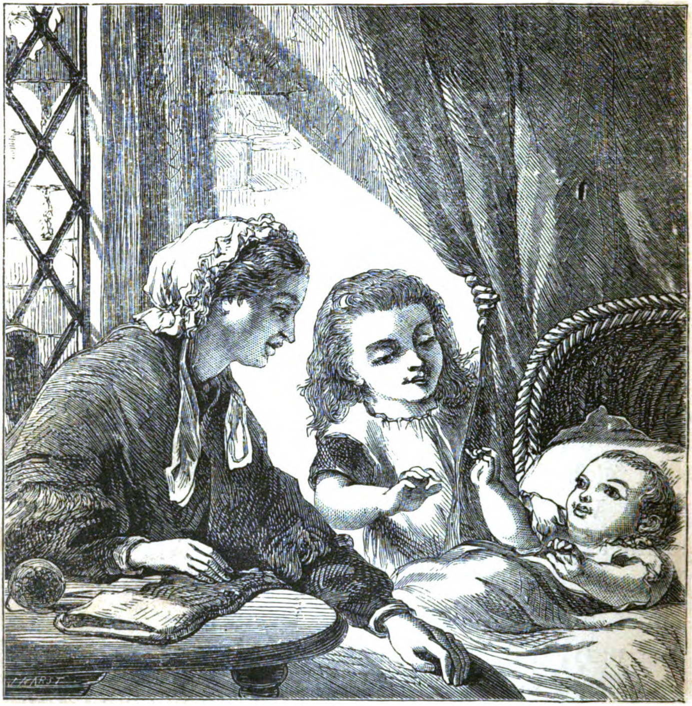
11. We have seen that the lily iṡ sent fōrth from slime and dark mud. It iṡ one of Gŏd'ṡ hidd*e*n gifts. Let uṡ hope that he hideṡ something aṡ white, and sweet, and fair to look upon, in all that seemṡ dark and ugly, if ōnly we will wait and watch for it, and be willing to ċome at the vĕry dawn to look for it.

SECTION II.

I.

5. BO-PEEP.

shȳ	wrĕn	de līght′	plāy′eth	blūe′bird
nīgh	bā′bȳ	re trēat′	ċrōw′ing	vī′o let
lĕdġe	ă loud′	bird′*i*eṡ	spăr′rōw	prĭm′rōse
hĕdġe	bo pēep′	ċur′t*a*in	flōat′ing	sprĭng′time



BO-PEEP, bo-peep, playeth the sun,
  Through gold*e*n ċloudṡ that go flōating by;
And baby wakes, all ripe for fun,
  Crowing ăloud that mother iṡ nigh.
    Bo-peep! bo-peep, baby!

2. Birdieṡ bo-peep out of the hedġe,
  Bluebird and spărrōw, robin and wren;
Flowerṡ bo-peep upon baṅk and ledġe,
  Happy to see the spring-time again.
    Bo-peep! bo-peep, baby!

3. The violet, blue like baby's eyeṡ,
Bo-peeps up from her sly retreat,
To steal a glance at pleaṡant skieṡ,
And nod to her sister primroṡe sweet.
Bo-peep! bo-peep, baby!

4. Millie bo-peeps from the ċurtain white,
Mad with delight iṡ baby boy;
And father will ċome from hiṡ work at night,
To play bo-peep with hiṡ pride and joy.
Bo-peep! bo-peep, baby!

II.

6. *PLANTED.*

bĕgged
griēved
rĕad′ȳ̆
mŭd′dȳ̆

ă whīle′
Bĕs′sie
look′ing
dĭm′pl*e*d

plănt′ed
troŭb′le
ṙŭm′pl*e*d
thiṅk′ing

blūe′eȳed
sċăt′tered
wa′ter-pot
enough (e nŭf′)

I HELD my baby on my knee,
My blue-eyed Bessie, three yearṡ old;
She laid her dimpled cheek on mine,
And in my ear her trouble told.

2. "Papa, peaṡe may me go to sċhool,
Like Sister Nell and Tatie Snow?"
Then aṡ I smiled she begged again,
With kisseṡ sweet, "*Pease* may me go?"

3. "When Bessie growṡ aṡ larġe aṡ Nell,
Then she may go to sċhool," I said.

"But mother's wordṡ and father's ruleṡ
Are quite enough for this small head."

4. She said no mōre, but sat awhile
"Thinking her think," then ran ăwāy;
And aṡ I turned to work again,
I heard her in the yard at plāy.

5. Then mother ċalled, "Come, Bessie, ċome;
'T iṡ time to go to sleep, you know."—
"O dear mamma, peaṡe let me stay!
I 'ṡe panted, 'tauṡe I want to grow."

6. 'T waṡ true! for there our baby stood,
With feet fast planted in the ground,
While water-pot and gard*e*n toolṡ,
Ready for uṡė, lay sċattered round.

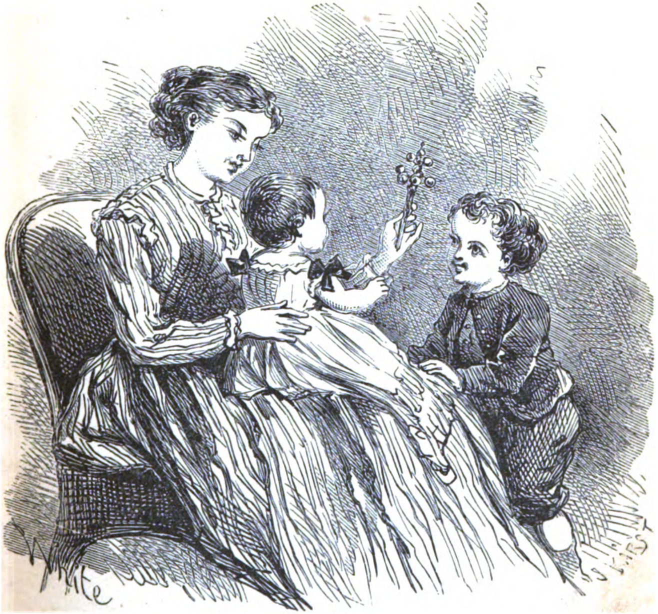
7. On mother'ṡ seċond ċall she ċame,
With rumpl*e*d dress and muddy shoe,
And looking up quite grieved, she said,
"Why tan't me grōw, aṡ flowerṡ do?"

III.

7. GIVE PLACE TO BABY.

ċlĭm*b*
strĕ*t*ch
ă lōne'
frēe'ly
sĭt'ting
sĕlf'ish
in stĕad'
yiēld'ing
spark'ling
glĭs'*te*nṡ
our sĕlveṡ'
an oth'er

WHEN mother takes up baby dear,
And sets him on her knee,
And singṡ her sŏng so sweet and ċlear,
Until he laughs in glee,



2. I will not frown, nor wish that I
Were sitting there instead;
And stretch my little armṡ on high,
And let my face grow red.

3. That would be like a selfish boy,
Who loveṡ himself so much,
He ċan not feel another'ṡ joy;
And I would not be such.

4. For mother saẏṡ, we must not ċare
About ourselveṡ ălōne;

But freely give, or gladly share,
What might be all our own.

5. She sayṡ we must be yielding still,
And still to otherṡ kind,
Must ŏf*te*n give up our own will,
And with a cheerful mind.

6. So, though he'ṡ sitting in my place,
I'll share in hiṡ delight;
And when he looks into my face
And laughs with all hiṡ might,

7. I'll laugh again, like little stream
On which the sun doth play,
That glis*te*nṡ in the sparkling beam,
And giveṡ back ray for ray.

8. Smile on, dear baby; I'll not ċlimb
To set me where you sit,
My turn will ċome another time;
I'll go, and play a bit.

IV.

8. *MUD PIES.*

Lū'cy̆
wēa'ry̆
dāin'ty̆
Clăr'a
Hĕn'ry̆
Mĭs'ter
shĭn'gle
bounc'eṡ
watch'eṡ
oven (ŭv'n)
pretty (prĭt'tĭ)
minute (mĭn'ĭt)

TELL me, little housewīveṡ,
Playing in the sun,
How many minutes
Till the ċooking'ṡ done?

2. Henry buildṡ thē ov*en*,
Lucy rollṡ the ċrust,
Clarạ buyṡ the flour
All of gold*en* dust.

3. Pat it here, and pat it there;
What a dainty size!
Bake it on a shiṅgle—
Nice mud pieṡ!

4. Don't you hear the bluebird
High up in thē air?
"Good morniṅg, little oneṡ,
Are you buṡy there?"

5. Pretty Mister Sqŭirrel
Bounceṡ down the rail,
Takes a seat and watcheṡ,
Curlṡ hiṡ bushy tail

6. Twirl it so, and mark it so
(Lookiṅg vĕry wiṡe);
All the plumṡ are pebbleṡ—
Rich mud pieṡ!

7. Armṡ that never weary,
Toiliṅg dimple-deep;
Shut thē ov*en* door, now,
And soon we'll take a peep.

8. Wish we had a shower—
Thiṅk we need it so—
That would make the rōadsīde
Such a heap of dough!

9. Turn them in, and turn them out;
How the morning flieṡ;
Ring the bell for dinner—
Hot mud pieṡ!

SECTION III.

I.

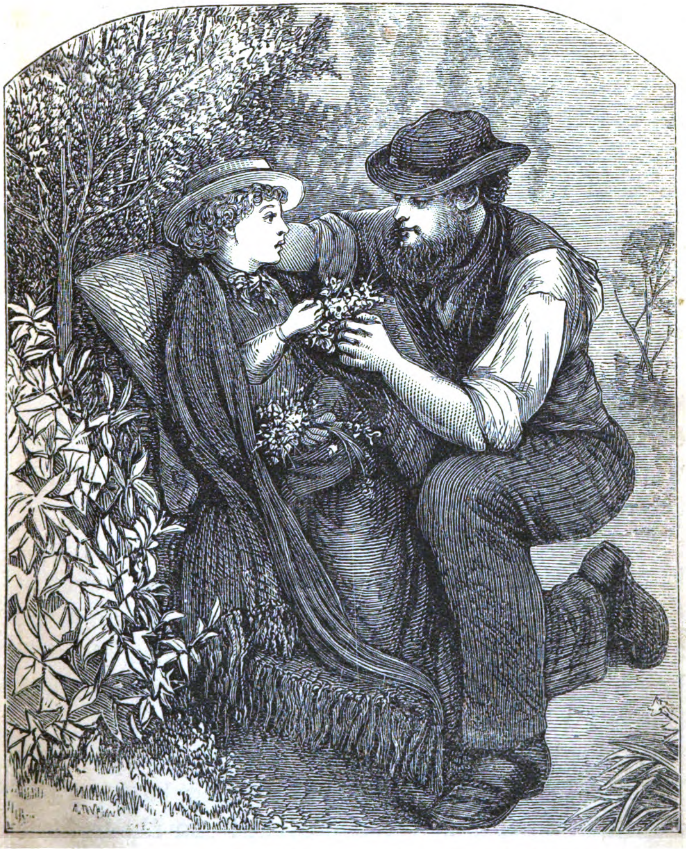
9. EDWIN BETTER.

aft'er
ċurl'ȳ
pāl'er
Ed'win
lov'ing
fair'est
dar'ling
sĭng'ing
ear'nest
grōw'ing
prayer
hĕav'*e*n
ă round'
sĭm'ple
wēak'er
brīght'er
strŏn'ger
sŭn'shine
sĭck'room
gar'd*e*n er

EDWIN AMEṠ, pale and sick, lāy in hiṡ little bed. The ċold wind blew, and the deep snow ċover*e*d the fieldṡ and gard*e*n. He moved hiṡ ċurly head, op*e*n*e*d hiṡ eyeṡ, and said, in a faint voice, "Where iṡ mother?"

2. Hiṡ mother'ṡ breath waṡ on hiṡ cheek before hiṡ lips had ċloṡed. She ċalled him her dear boy, her darling child, and took hiṡ thin hand in herṡ, and kiṡsed it. Then she said, "What do you want, Edwin?"

3. And he said, "When will it be spring? O, how I want to see the sweet flowerṡ in bud and bloom! When, when shall I hear the birdṡ sing?"



4. "Soon, my ċhild," waṡ the ċheerful ănswer of the mother, though tear-drops filled her eyeṡ, for she thought that hiṡ next spring-time would be in heav*e*n.

5. And so he lāy week after week, with kind friendṡ to ċare for him by dāy and night. They saw

him growing paler and weaker, paler and weaker, till nearly all hope waṡ gŏne. But the simple faith of the meek and loving child grew strŏnger and brighter, till he did not fear tȯ die.

6. Then ċame faint signṡ that he waṡ better, but so faint that the parents ċould sċarce believe it. Edwin better! Their ōnly child spared to them! Yĕs; dāy by day, with the signṡ of ċoming spring, they saw the signṡ of health growing strŏnger, and their joy grew brighter.

7. Spring ċame at last with warm rainṡ, and bright sunshine, and blue skieṡ, and singing birdṡ, and early flowerṡ. Then Edwin left the sick-room. They wound a sŏft shawl ăround him, and placed him in the gard*e*n chair.

8. The good gardener ċame to greet him, and brought him bunches of the fairest and sweetest flowerṡ. He told him such fine stōrieṡ of the treeṡ, and flowerṡ, and birdṡ of other landṡ, that the glad boy lŏnged to ċrŏss the seaṡ and look at such strānġe thingṡ for himself.

9. What a happy spring-time for the fond parents! What a joy, to see the bloom ċoming back to the cheeks of their pale-faced darling! In the light of hope, how bright and sweet seemed all thingṡ!

10. The love, and kind ċare, and earnest prayerṡ of the parents for young Edwin were not lŏst. In after yearṡ, he beċame a great, a good, and a useful man.

II.

10. THE LONE SWAN.

PART FIRST.

ĕv′er
lȳ′ing
hā′ted
tā′k*e*n
ŭn′der
be găn′
lōne′ly̆

băt′tle
tur′tle
lŏṅ′ger
hard′ly
sŭn′set
for gĕt′
brō′k*e*n

ċracked
bloomed
stretched
ē*i*′ther
bŏt′tom
sĕt′tl*e*d
plāin′ly

ċăr′ri*e*d
sĕnd′ing
fĕath′er
blēed′ing
snăp′ping
ĕv′e ry̆
re mĕm′ber

NO other little lake waṡ so lonely! True, five or six small lakes were not far ŏff, but it ċould not know that, for it must stāy still in one place. To be sure, it waṡ alwayṡ sending out blue waveṡ, big and little, but the stream which ran from the lake ċarried them to a broad river, and that bōre them on and on to the great sea. So no wave ever ċame back to tell the lake what it had seen of the wide world.

2. There waṡ wild rice at the head of the lake, where the birdṡ ċame in the fall. There were water-lilieṡ, too, and when they bloomed the lake kept aṡ still aṡ it ċould, so that at night the moon and starṡ ċould be plainly seen in it. The lake knew vĕry well that the reäl moon and starṡ were far ŏff, but the lilieṡ did not.

3. Every night the deer ċame down to driṅk, and to eat the broad green lily-leaveṡ, lying still on the water, and ŏft*e*n with the leaveṡ they took a flower.

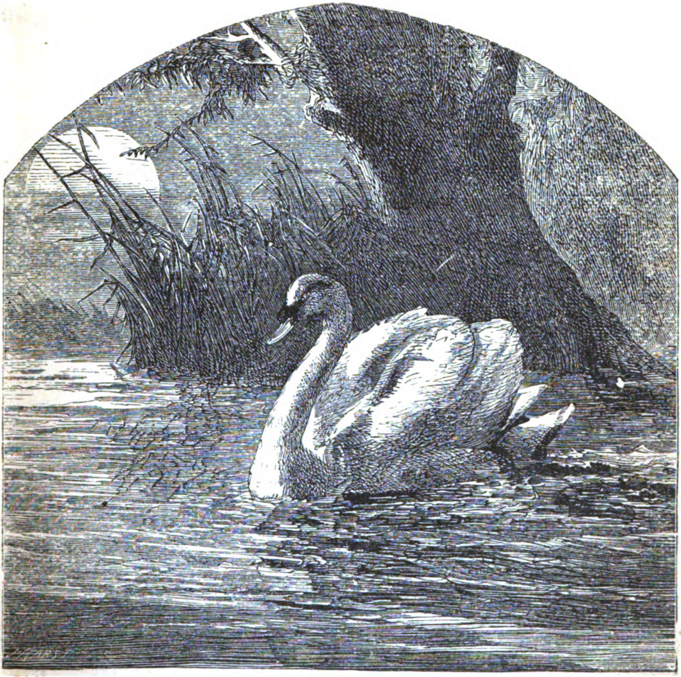
So the lilieṡ, aṡ they looked ăbout next morning and saw one, two, three, or mōre gŏne, said to themselveṡ, "Ah! the starṡ have tak*e*n them, and now they will never fade; but it will be our turn next." And at sunset they shut up tight, that when the starṡ ċame they might have all the mōre sweetness to give out.

4. It iṡ not of lilieṡ, though, that I want to tell you, or indeed of the lake ēither, but of the lone swan that lived there year after year, and ċould never fly ăwāy to find other swanṡ, beċauṡe hiṡ wing and leg were brok*e*n. The great snapping-turtle that lived at the bottom of the lake knew ăbout this, too, but never told; and so I must do it for him.

5. Care and trouble had made our swan forget nearly all ăbout the first year or two of hiṡ life. Here on this little lake, where winter waṡ never known, it seemed to him that he ċould remember thē ice and snow of which the birdṡ talked, when they ċame for wild rice; but he waṡ never sure.

6. He knew that he had flōwn dāy after day with hiṡ flock, till they settled down on this lake, and that there waṡ one swan by whoṡe side he flew, and with whom he talked through the lŏng dayṡ, of the nest they would build when they went north once mōre. There waṡ a foe too—a great swan with gray featherṡ in hiṡ tail and wingṡ, and a neck lŏnger than our swan'ṡ. What fierce eyeṡ he had! How strŏng he waṡ! And O! that battle in the reedṡ!

7. The turtle ċould have told you all ăbout it. He



knew just how it began. He saw our swan and the pretty white one flōat ŏff toward the reedṡ, whėre the little green frŏgṡ lived. He saw the gray swan swim after. He saw the great wingṡ beat, and the water fly up, aṡ the two fought. He saw the gray swan hold our swan'ṡ head under the water, and then—

8. Well, to this dāy the snapping-turtle ċan not tell how it waṡ that he bit the wrŏng leg. He waṡ on our swan'ṡ side. He hated the gray swan, and meant to bite him; but it waṡ our swan'ṡ leg that ċracked when hiṡ strŏng jawṡ ċloṡed on it. The wing had been brok*e*n befōre, and one eye put out. Now the little white swan sailed ăwāy with the gray one. The turtle dived down into the mud, and hardly put hiṡ head out for a week, he waṡ so sŏrry.

9. Our swan lay in the reedṡ, with hiṡ white neck stretched out and bleeding. The rest flew ăwāy and left him in the lonely little lake, which he would never leave again, with brok*e*n boneṡ, and thiṅking hiṡ heart waṡ broken too.

III.

11. THE LONE SWAN.

PART SECOND.

ŏf′fer	stāyed	lēad′er	start′ed
ōld′est	mōurned	wĭck′ed	talk′ing
hŭr′rȳ	sī′lent	ūse′less	tăd′pōle
ŭn′der	fŏl′lōw	ċăt′fish	star′light
ăṅ′grȳ	fīn′est	drēar′ȳ	beaū′tĭ ful
lĕt′ter	sŏft′ly	mĕlt′ing	against (ă gĕnst′)

THE next dāy our poor swan raiṡed hiṡ head and looked ăround. All ălōne there! but the lake lay blue in the sunshine, and the white lilieṡ, on their lŏng stalks, were waiting for the starlight. "I did mean to die," said our swan; "but I will not. I will get well, and fŏllōw the wicked gray swan. He iṡ older and strŏṅger than I; but I will grow older and stroṅger too, and then we shall see."

2. So now he ate all the little green frŏgṡ that showed their headṡ above water, and some young ċat-fish too, which had been sent to see if he waṡ any better. After this he grew strŏng vĕry fast, but the broken wing hung useless by hiṡ side in the water, and he ċould swim ōnly a few strokes beċauṡe hiṡ leg hurt him so. He held up hiṡ head, though, like a true swan; and a flock of ducks, which stopped here one day for a bath, said he waṡ the finest swan they had ever seen.

3. The ducks did not stay lŏng, for they were in a hŭrry on their way south. When they had flown, our swan waṡ mōre lonely than ever, and went ăwāy ạmong the reedṡ to mōurn a little. One duck, which had started with thē otherṡ, but left them all to ċome back ȧgain, waṡ glad of this; for she thought if the beautiful swan waṡ so sad, he would not be aṅgry if even a duck should ŏffer to stay with him.

4. So by and by, when the lone swan raiṡed hiṡ head once mōre, and looked out over the water, he saw the little duck, which hardly dared ċome near, but waṡ ready to fly ăwāy at once, if he wanted her to. He did not, you may know. He did not say much, for he had been silent so lŏng that he ċould not uṡe many wordṡ; but the little duck saw vĕry plainly that he waṡ glad to have her there, and so stayed.

5. Every dāy our swan thought, "Soon I shall be well, and ċan see the gray swan;" and in the mean time he talked mōre and more, and aṡ he talked to the little duck, hiṡ past life ċame back to him. He told it to her from the vĕry first in the great nest, from which he saw fields of floating ice, and the green grass spring out of the melting snow, down to that dreary day of which I spoke. Every day the little duck liked him better, and every day he said, "When I gĕt well, I will meet the gray swan."

6. So the years went by. Our swan grew no strŏnger, but hoped always that he should; and that is almost the same thing, you know. He was growing older, too; but he did not know it, for the lake did not chānġe, and the lilies bloomed just the same. The turtle ċame out sometimes, but his head was as black as ever, and as tadpoles were all the time turning into little green frŏgs, how should our swan know that the frogs had not always been there?

7. But one dāy ċame a chānġe. Far up, like a letter V drawn against the sky, flew a flock of swans. Our swan knew them well, for the strŏng ċry of the leader was plainly heard. He ănswered, but the flock passed swiftly on, and our swan thought he had not been heard. He tried to rise, but fell back in pain and hid his head in the lily-leaves.

8. Then a white swan, which had left thē others, and dropped sŏftly down ămong the reeds, swam to him and laid her head by his. Our swan, looking up, knew now that there was no need to seek the gray swan, for his own had ċome to him again. He forgot that she had once left him: he hardly ċared to know that the gray swan was dead; for he ōnly thought that his mate had ċome, and he should never be ălōne again.

9. So when the little duck, glad and sŏrry too, swam tōward them, the white swan, which did not know what good right she had to be there, struck at her with her bill. Our swan waṡ so happy looking at the new mate that he had no eyeṡ for hiṡ old friend. Then the little duck swam ăwāy to the reedṡ, and sat there still all the day. She watched the swanṡ, which, side by side, were talking of old timeṡ and new timeṡ.

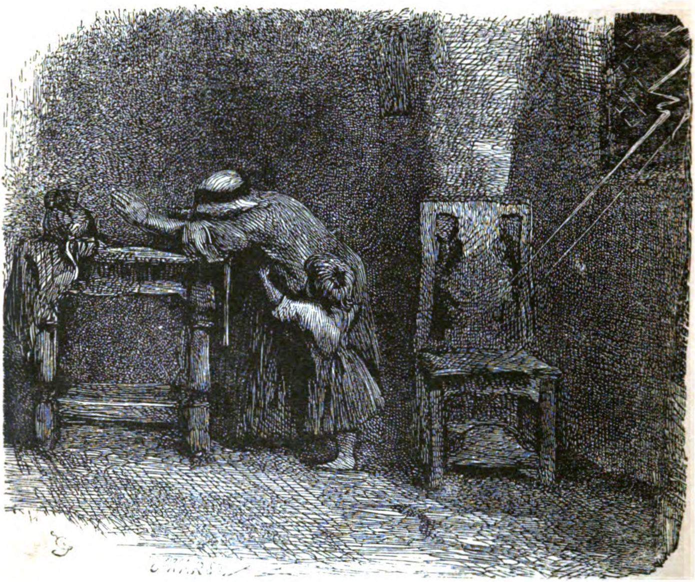
10. She felt old and weak. The thrush in the tree overhead sang loud and sweet, but the notes seemed far ŏff. The turtle ċame to the baṅk, and looked at her, and asked if he should bite the new swan. "No," the little duck said: "I am going to sleep now;" and she put her head under her wing.

11. That waṡ the last. The turtle ċame again the next dāy, but the little duck never stirred. The thrush sang to her, and two wrenṡ tried to pull her head from under her wing, but ċould not. Then they knew she waṡ dead. Did the swan ever thiṅk of her again? Ask the thrush.

IV.

12. THE SHIP IN THE SUN.

pō′et
Cō′ra
Al′vin
wĭd′ōw
wĭn′dōw
sāil′ing
fĭf′teen
sēa′pōrt
storm′y
ŏn′ward
par′tieṡ
roll′ing
out′side
spark′le
bĭg′gest
bōard′ing
daugh′ter
charm′ing
līght′ning
to gĕth′er



WIDOW LEE lived in a sēa-pōrt town. Her house waṡ near the sēa-shore, and not far from the great wharf. She had two children, Alvin and Cōra. The father waṡ first mate of a larġe ship. He had been dead two yearṡ.

2. Alvin waṡ fifteen yearṡ old. He had a fine little sailing bōat in which he took small partieṡ to fish, or to sail. In this way he earned a great deal for hiṡ fond mother, and hiṡ darling little sister Cōra.

3. That summer, a kind poet waṡ bōarding at the wĭdōw'ṡ house. He uṡed nearly every dāy to take a sail with Alvin. He ŏf*ten* took little Cōra with them. Aṡ they sailed, he told them charming stōrieṡ.

4. He would talk, too, of the bright green water, and show Cora the blue and purple ċolorṡ, and the spots and sparkleṡ of silver, on the rolling waveṡ. O, how they learned to love the great sea!

5. Once, aṡ they sat in the little bōat at sunset, and the sun seemed to siṅk into the deep waterṡ, the poet told them of a widōw whoṡe boy went to sea one dāy. A great storm ċame on, and the mother, and a little daughter, about Cora's aġe, sat up all that night.

6. O, how dark it waṡ outside! They heard the hōarse rōar of the sea, aṡ the great waveṡ lashed the shōre. The rain beat upon the roof. The ċold wind whistled, and seemed to chill their blood. The red lineṡ of lightning shōne through their little window. The mother in her grief prayed for her boy at sea, but he never ċame back. The little sister would not believe that her brother'ṡ ship went down. Here you may read her sweet wordṡ, aṡ the poet tōld them:

7. "They said my brother'ṡ ship went down,
Down into the sea,
Beċauṡe a storm ċame on to drown
The biggest ships that be.

8. "But I saw the ship, when he went ăwāy;
I saw it pass and pass:
The tide waṡ lōw, I went out to plāy,
The sea waṡ all like glass.

9. "The ship sailed straight into the sun—
Half of a ball of gōld—

Onward it went till it touched the sun:
I saw the ship take hold!

10. "But soon I saw them bōth no mōre,
The sun and the ship togĕther;
For the wind began to hoot and rōar,
And there waṡ stormy weather.

11. "Yĕt every dāy the gold*en* ball
Rests on thē edġe of the sky;
The sun it iṡ, with the ship and all,
For the ship sailed into the gold*en* ball,
Aċrŏss thē edġe of the sky."

SECTION IV.

I.

13. THE LITTLE KITTENS.

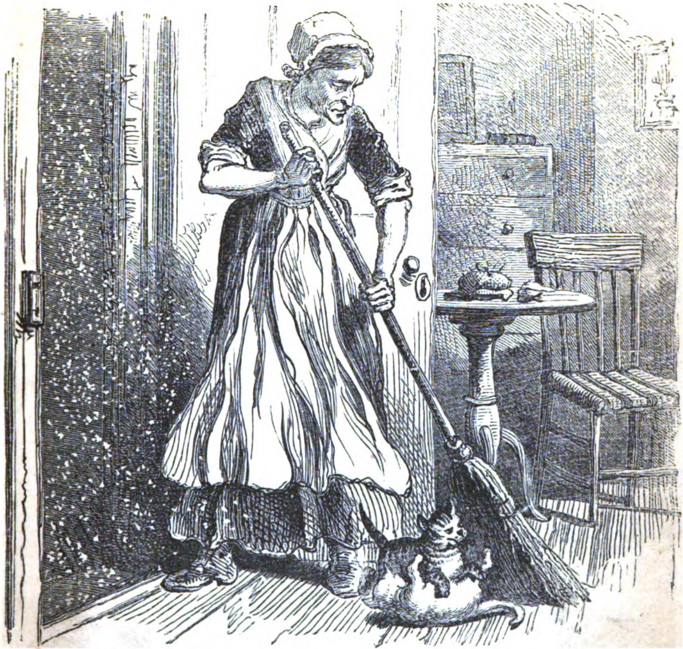
wōn′t
ōld′er
kĭt′t*en*
bĭg′ger
nō′where
swēep′ing
woman (wu̇m′an)
quarrel (kwŏr′rel)

1.

TWO little kitt*en*ṡ, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight;
One had a mouse, thē other had none,
And that waṡ the wāy the quarrel begun.

2.

"*I'll* have that mouse," said the bigger ċat.
"*You'll* have that mouse! We'll see ăbout that."
"I *will* have that mouse," said thē older son.
"You *wōn't* have that mouse!" said the little one.



3.

I told you befōre 'twaṡ a stormy night
When theṡe two little kittenṡ began to fight:
Thē old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittenṡ right out of the room.

4.

The ground waṡ ċovered with frŏst and snōw,
And the two little kittenṡ had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down on the mat at the door
While thē aṅgry old woman waṡ sweeping the floor.

5.

And then they crept in as quiet as mice,
All wet with snow and as cold as ice;
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and fight.

II.

14. THE THREE BUGS.

THREE little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for two!
And one was yellow, and one was black,
And one like me or you;
The space was small, no doubt, for all,
So what should the three bugs do?

2. Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly crumbs for two;
And all were selfish in their hearts,
The same as I or you;
So the strong ones said, "We will eat the bread,
And that's what we will do!"

3. Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two would hold;
And so they fell to quarreling—
The white, the black, and the gold—
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And one was out in the cold.

4. He that was left in the basket
" Without a crumb to chew,

Or a shred in which to wrap himself
  When the wind ăċrŏss him blew,
Pulled one of the rugṡ from one of the bugṡ,
  And so the quarrel grew.

5. So there waṡ war in the basket;
  Ah, pity 'tiṡ, 'tiṡ true!
But he that waṡ huṅgry and ċold, at last
  A strength from hiṡ weakness drew,
And pulled the rugṡ from both of the bugṡ,
  And killed and ate them too!

6. Now when bugṡ live in a basket,
  Though mōre than it well ċan hold,
It seemṡ to me they had better agree—
  The black, the white, and the gold—
And share what ċomeṡ of bedṡ or ċrumbṡ,
  And leave no bug in the ċold.

III.

15. WHAT WILL BECOME OF ME?

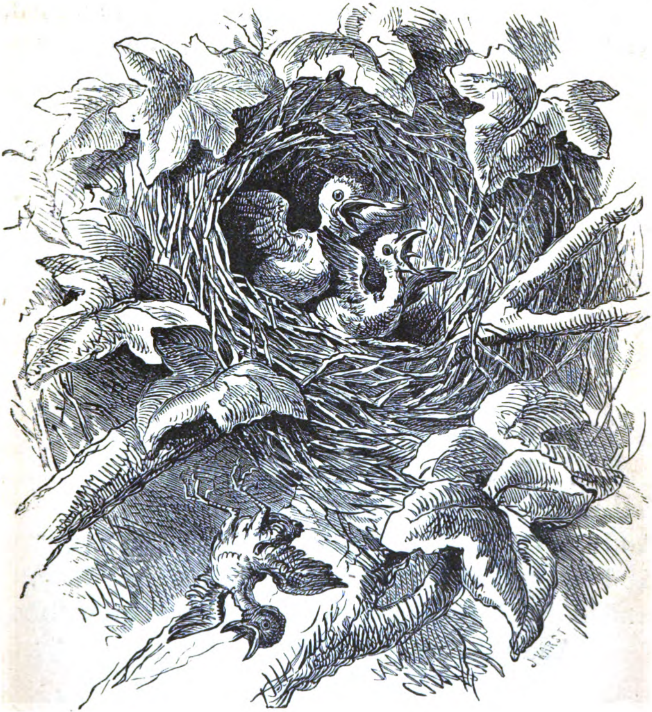
sŭn'ny̆	be yŏnd'	nĕst'ling	won'der ful
down'y̆	pā'tient	spĕck'l*e*d	wan'der ing
stū'pid	jour'ney	good-by̆e'	wēa'rĭ some
ċuck'oo	be nēath'	brĭm'ming	nothing (nŭth'ing)

THE budṡ grow green upon the boughṡ,
  The grass upon the hillṡ,
And violets began to bud
  By all the brimming rillṡ;
And a little brown spărrōw ċame over the sea,
And another ċame flying hiṡ mate to be;

And they loved and they wed, and they built a nest
In the place which they thought waṡ the pleaṡantest,
“Though any spot’s a pleaṡant one
That’s shared with you,” said he.
“And any place where you may dwell
Iṡ good enough for me,”
Said she—“iṡ good enough for me.”

2. But when the nest waṡ fairly built,
The violets fully blown,
A wandering ċuckoo chanced that way,
And spied the nest ălōne;
And she said to herself, “In the sunny spring,
To sit on a nest iṡ a weary thing;”
So she went on her journey to steal and beg,
But behind in the nest left a ċuckoo’ṡ egg.
And when the spărrōw-wife ċame back,
The egg, whoṡe ċould it be?
“It iṡ not mine,” she said, “and yĕt
It must belŏng to me;
’T iṡ here, and must belŏng to me.”

3. So, full of patient mother-love,
Benēath her downy breast,
Aṡ fondly, ġently aṡ her own,
The speckl*e*d egg she pressed
Through the dayṡ with their wonderful unseen sights,
And the damp and the chill of the spring-time nights,
4. Until two little spărrōwṡ had burst the shell,
“ And the ċuckoo had wakened to life aṡ well.



Hiṡ breast waṡ bare, hiṡ wingṡ were weak,
  Hiṡ thoughts were ōnly three:
"What do I want? What ċạn I have?
  What will beċome of me?
Cuckoo! what will beċome of me?"

4. He opened wide hiṡ bill, and ċried,
  And ċalled for food all dāy,
And from the little spărrōwṡ' bēaks
  He snatched their share ăwāy.

"Were there one, ōnly one, to be warmed and fed,
And if *I* were that one," to himself he said,
"Then the fond old birdṡ would have nothing to do,
But to wait and to tend upon me! Cuckoo!
In such a ċlose and nărrōw nest
There iṡ no room for three.
What do I want? What ċan I have?
What will beċome of me?
Cuċkoo! what will beċome of me?"

5. He stretched hiṡ neck above the nest,
He looked each way ăbout,
If none ċould see, then none ċould sāy
Who pushed the nestlingṡ out;
But the ċuckoo waṡ left in the nest ălōne,
And the share of hiṡ brotherṡ waṡ all hiṡ ōwn,
And the spărrōwṡ were feeding him all dāy lŏng,
And hiṡ featherṡ grew dark, and hiṡ wingṡ grew strŏng.
And wearisome beċame the nest,
"A stupid place!" said he.
"What do I want? What ċan I have?
What will beċome of me?
Cuckoo! what will beċome of me?"

6. Thē old birdṡ ċalled him to the bough,
And taught him how to fly,
He spread hiṡ wingṡ, and left them bōth
Without a last good-bye;
And beyǫnd the green mĕadōw-landṡ wet with dew,
And the wood and the river, he passed from view.

And amid what sceneṡ he may flit to-dāy,
Or hiṡ wingṡ may rest, there iṡ none to sāy ;
But wheresoe'er that selfish heart,
Its thoughts are ōnly three :
“What do I want ? What ċan I have ?
What will beċome of me ?
Cuckoo ! what will beċome of me ?”

SECTION V.

I.

16. RACE OF THE FLOWERS.

lĭ'laċ
lāt'er
tĭp'top
plĕn'tў

mū'ṡiċ
hīgh'er
Au'gust
nē*i*'ther

rŭn'ning
lark'spur
diṡ grāce'
sŭn'flow er

No vĕm'ber
Sep tĕm'ber
ġe rā'ni ŭm
ō ver tāk'*e*n

THE treeṡ and the flowerṡ seem running a race,
But none treadṡ down thē other ;
And nēither thinks it hiṡ disgrace
To be later than hiṡ brother.

2. Yĕt the pear-tree shouts to the līlaċ-tree,
“Make haste, for the spring iṡ late !”
And the lilaċ-tree whisperṡ to the ches*t*nut-tree,
Beċauṡe he iṡ so great,
“Pray you, great sir, be quick, be quick,
Far down belōw we are blossoming thick !”

3. Then the ches*t*nut hearṡ, and ċomeṡ out in bloom—
White, or pink, to the tip-top boughṡ—
O why not grow higher, there 'ṡ plenty of room,
You beaūtiful tree, with the sky for your house?

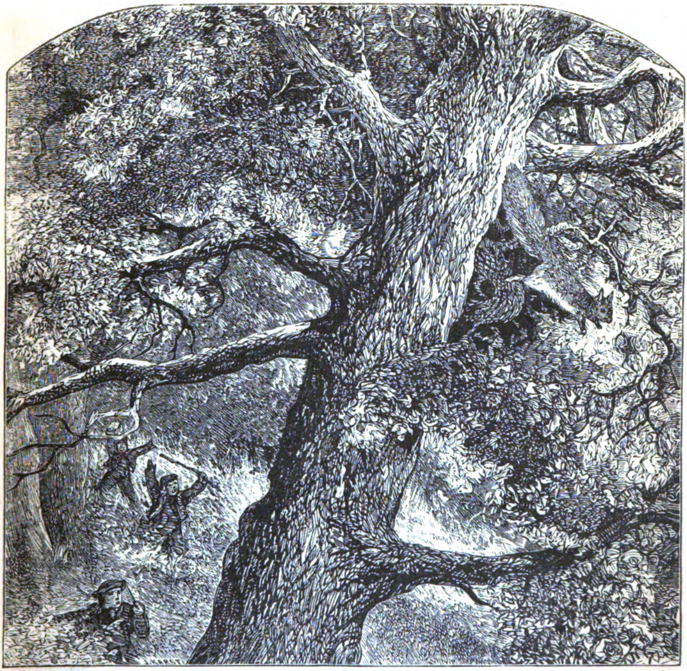
4. Then like muṡiċ they seem to burst out together,
The little and the big, with a beautiful burst;
They sweet*e*n the wind, they paint the weather,
And no one rememberṡ which waṡ first:
White roṡe, red roṡe,
Bud roṡe, shed roṡe,
Larkspur, and lilaċ, and the rest,
North, south, east, west,
June, July, August, September!

5. Ever so late in the year will ċome
Many a red ġeranium,
And sunflowerṡ up to November!
Then the winter haṡ overtāk*e*n them all,
The fogṡ and the rainṡ begin to fall,
And the flowerṡ, after running their raceṡ,
Are weary, and shut up their little faceṡ,
And under the ground they go to sleep.
Iṡ it vĕry far down? Yĕs, ever so deep.

II.

17. FALL SONG.

pēer
sūit
gō′ing
Annā′ple
găth′er
lŏng′ing
sī′lence
blō′ing
dark′ly
slănt′ing
ċrēat′ūre
ċom plāin′
chĕs*t*′nut
brīght′est
mur′mur′ing
rustle (rŭs′'l)



THE ash-berry ċlusterṡ are darkly red ;
The leaveṡ of the ches*t*nut are almost shed ;
The wild grape hangṡ out her purple fruit ;
The maple puts on her brightest suit.

2. The boyṡ chase the sqŭirrel from tree to tree ;
"There are nuts," sayṡ the squirrel, "for you
and for me ;"
The boyṡ hear the chatter—the squirrel iṡ gŏne ;
They shout and they peer, but he'ṡ seen by none.

3. After a silence, the wind ċomplainṡ,
Like a ċreature lŏnging to burst its chainṡ:
The swallowṡ are gŏne, I saw them gather,
I heard them murmuring of the weather.

4. The ċloudṡ move fast, the south iṡ blowing,
The sun iṡ slanting, the year iṡ going:
O, I love to walk where the leaveṡ lie dead,
And hear them rustle benēath my tread!

III.

18. THE CANDLES.

PART FIRST.

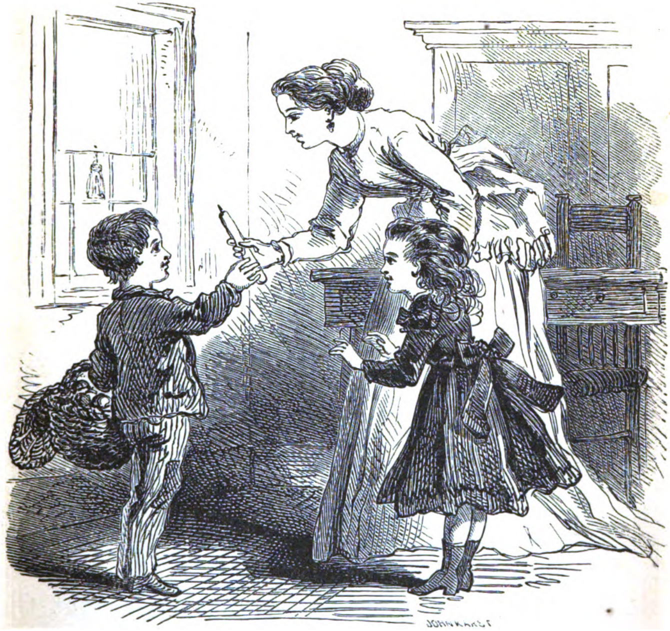
gĭv'en
tā'per
ċăn'dle
tăl'lōw
bas'ket
ċon tĕnt'
kĭtch'en
blĕss'ed
wăx'līght
mĭs'tress
făm'i lȳ
po tā'toeṡ

THERE waṡ a great wax-light that knew well what it waṡ. "I waṡ born in wax, and formed in a mōld," it said. "I give mōre light, and burn a lo̤nger time, than any other ċandle. My place iṡ in a silver ċandlestick."

2. "That must be a charming life!" said the tăllōw-ċandle. "I am ōnly of tăllōw; but then, I feel it iṡ far better than to be a mere taper that iṡ dipped ōnly twice; for I am dipped eight timeṡ.

3. "I am ċontent. It would, to be sure, be finer still to have been born in wax, aṡ you were, and not in tăllōw; but one doeṡ not make himself.

4. "You are put in a great room, and in a silver ċandlestick. I live in the kitchen; but iṡ not that a



good place, too? There they gĕt up all the disheṡ in the house."

5. "There is something that iṡ better than eating!" said the wax-light. "To be with great folks, and see them shine, and shine yourself, iṡ far better. There will be a ball here to-night. Now I and all my family are soon to be sent for."

6. This waṡ but just said, when all the wax-lights were sent for, and the tăllōw-ċandle too. The mistress took the ċandle in her fair hand and went into the kitchen. There stood a little boy with a basket

that waṡ full of potatoeṡ, and a few appleṡ were in it too. The good lady had given all theṡe to the poor child.

7. "Here iṡ a ċandle for you, my little friend," said she. "Your mother ċan uṡe this, when she haṡ to sit up and work far into the night."

8. The lady'ṡ little daughter stood by her; and when she heard the wordṡ "far into the night," she said, "And I'm going to sit up to-night, too! We are going to have a ball, and I'm to wear big red bowṡ for it."

9. How her face shōne! Yes, that waṡ joy! No wax-light ċould shine like the child'ṡ eyeṡ. "That iṡ a mōst blessèd thing to see," thought the tăllōw-ċandle; "I shall never forget it." And then the ċandle waṡ laid in the basket under the ċover, and the boy took it ăwāy.

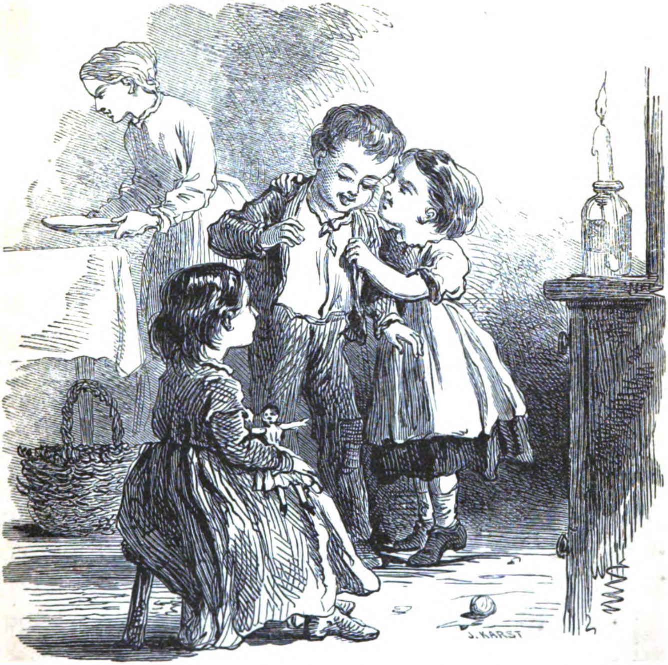
10. "Where am I going to now?" thought the ċandle. "I shall be with poor folks, and may not get even a brass ċandlestick; but the wax-light iṡ stuck in silver, and seeṡ the finest folks! What ċan be mōre charming than to be a light among fine folks? But poor *I* am tăllōw—not wax."

IV.

19. THE CANDLES.

PART SECOND.

al′so
lā′dy
guĕsts
fīne′ly
kīnd′ly
hŏr′rid
līght′est
glăd′ness
twiṅ′kl*e*d
be sīde′
small′est
spŭt′ter*e*d



AND so the ċandle ċame to the poor folks: a wĭdōw with three children, in a little lōw room, just on thē other side of the street from the house of the rich folks.

2. "Gŏd bless the good lady for what she gave!" said the mother; "it iṡ a fine ċandle, and it will burn till far into the night."

3. And the ċandle waṡ lighted. "Pugh!" it said, "that waṡ a hŏrrid match she lighted me with. One hardly ŏfferṡ such a thing aṡ that to a wax-light, over at the rich house."

4. There also the wax-ċandleṡ were lighted, and shōne out over the street. The rich house waṡ filled with guests for the ball, dressed so finely; and the muṡiċ struck up.

5. “Now they begin over there,” felt the tăllōw-ċandle, and thought of the little rich girl’ṡ bright face, that waṡ brighter than all the wax-lights, “That sight I never shall see any mōre.”

6. Then the smallest of the children in the poor house ċame; she waṡ a little girl, and put her armṡ round her brother’ṡ neck; she had something so nice to tell, and must whisper it.

7. “We’re going to have this night—just think of it—we’re going to have warm potatoeṡ!” and her face waṡ bright with gladness. The ċandle shōne right at her, and saw a joy aṡ great aṡ waṡ in the rich house, where the little girl said, “We are going to have a ball to-night, and I shall wear some great red bowṡ.”

8. “Iṡ it such a great thing to get warm potatoeṡ?” thought the ċandle. “Well, here iṡ just the same joy among the little thingṡ!” and it sneezed at that—that iṡ, it sputtered—and mōre than that no tăllōw-ċandle ċould do. The table waṡ spread, and the potatoeṡ were eat*en*. O, how good they tasted! it waṡ a reäl feast; and then each got an apple besideṡ.

9. Then the little children went to bed, gave a good-night kiss, and fell asleep right ăwāy. The mother sat till far into the night, and sewed, to get a living for them and herself. From the rich house

the lights shōne, and the musiċ sounded. The starṡ twiṅkled over all the houseṡ—over the rich and over the poor—just aṡ ċlear, just aṡ kindly.

10. "This iṡ a rare night," thought the tăllōw-ċandle. "Do the wax-lights have a better time in their silver ċandlesticks?—that I'd like to know befōre I am burnt out!" And its last thoughts were of the happy children'ṡ faceṡ—the two alīke happy—thē one lighted by wax-light, and thē other by a tăllōw-ċandle

SECTION VI.

I.

20. ALONE IN THE DARK.

SHE haṡ tak*e*n out the ċandle,
She haṡ left me in the dark;
From the wĭndōw not a glimmer,
From the fireplace not a spark.

2. I am frightened, aṡ I 'm lying
All ălōne here in my bed,
And I 've wrapped the ċlotheṡ aṡ ċloṡely
Aṡ I ċan ăround my head.

3. There are birdṡ out on the busheṡ,
In the mĕadōw lieṡ the lamb.
How I wonder if they 're ever
Half aṡ frightened aṡ I am.

4. Yĕt I know there'ṡ One who seëth,
In the night aṡ in the day;
For to Him the darkness dreary,
Iṡ aṡ bright aṡ noontide ray.

5. Then I'll turn and sleep mōre soundly,
When one little prayer I've prayed;
For there'ṡ nothing in the darkness,
That should make a child ăfraid.

II.

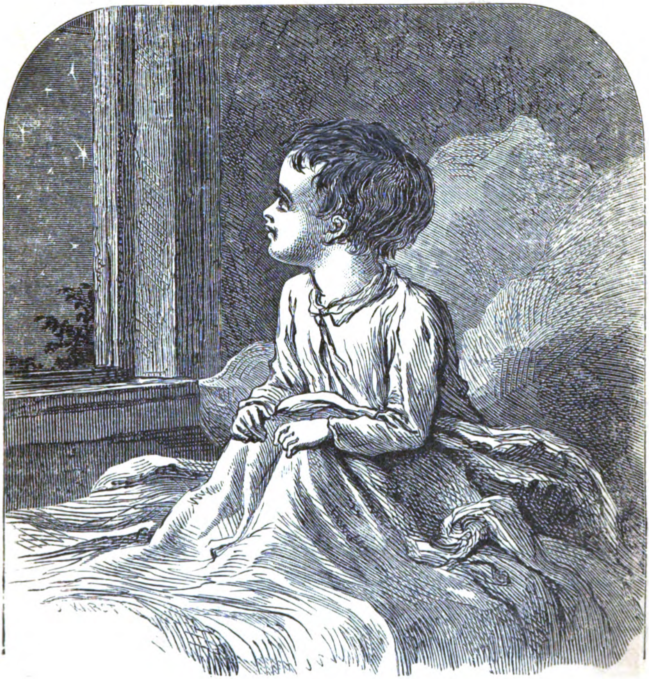
21. GOING TO SLEEP.

HAPPY starṡ, in pleaṡant placeṡ,
Will you turn your happy faceṡ,
So that I ċan see you shine,
In this little bed of mine?

2. When the shadeṡ begin to fall,
You ċome flocking, one and all,
Up the pathway of the skieṡ,
With a smile in your sweet eyeṡ.

3. And I wonder where you stay,
All the bright and tender day;
Why you never linger lŏng,
When the bird beginṡ hiṡ sŏng;

4. If you hear the sweet brown thrush
Break the morning'ṡ early hush,
If the spărrōw'ṡ "chip che char"
Reacheṡ up to where you are?



5. While I go to sleep, dear star,
Will you stay just where you are?
So that I may find you there,
Not the sky all blue and bare?

6. With my little prayers all said—
Prayers for love and daily bread—
I may hear the songs you sung,
When the Heavenly Child was young.

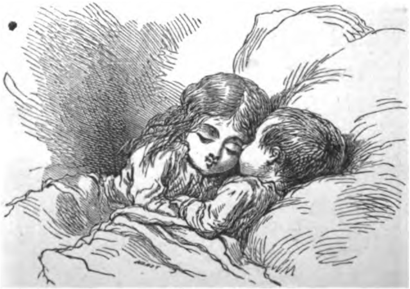
III.

22. GOD CARES FOR ALL.

DO you know how many starṡ
  There are shining in the sky?
Do you know how many ċloudṡ
  Every dāy go flōating by?
Gŏd the Lord haṡ ċounted all:
He would miss one should it fall.

2. Do you know how many flieṡ
  Plāy ăbout in the warm sun?
How many fisheṡ in the water?
  Gŏd haṡ ċounted every one.
Every one Hẹ ċalled by name,
When into the world it ċame.

3. Do you know how many children
  Go to little bedṡ at night—
Sleeping there so warm and ċoṡy
  Till they wake with morning light?
Gŏd in heaven each name ċan tell,
Knowṡ them all, and loveṡ them well.



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